









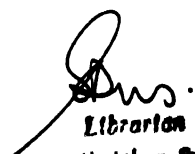




# Tales of the Priory

Vol. 11

1820

  
Librarian  
Krishna Public Library

another, and noting their general amount with his pencil.

In the mean time, Henrietta had entered the room, with that reluctance natural to one who expected to be schooled into irritation by reproof, or mortified by the exposure which had taken place. She sat down in silence, and endeavoured to meet whatever might arise with meekness, and, if possible, with composure.

"When I saw you last, my dear madam," said Mr. L——n, "you desired me to call, for the purpose of exhorting your daughter to obedience. I have not time to do that at present; for, in consequence of this act of confidence, all I have to say in *that* way, must be addressed to you."

Mrs. Hemmings bowed with sullen haughtiness; but Mr. L——n, not seeming to see her, continued:

"I conclude, that neither the butcher's, baker's, grocer's, nor wine merchant's

bill have been greatly augmented by her, because I understand she has now no love, nor entertains any company."

"But she keeps house entirely: I only seek a house not made with hands."

"Do not deceive yourself, sister Hemmings; so long as you live in the world, so long you have duties to perform in it; and in such a very narrow circle as you now move in, ought to have known it was impossible for you to afford to keep so much company as it was evident you have done. You may tell me they were the people of the Lord; but this is no apology for an act of injustice. Be assured, that every species of dishonesty is utterly inconsistent with the faith and practice of Christianity."

Mrs. Hemmings gave a deep groan; but the blush of resentment was on her cheek.

"Many of our people," continued he, "are, as you know, very ignorant; though perfectly well-intentioned, and"

their own situation in life did not enable them to judge how far they were encroaching on you in these points. Others, I fear, mix a baser leaven with their ignorance: they are idle, conceited, intrusive, censorious, and selfish. In hearing our preachers, and joining the people of this place in worship, you were not called upon to associate with either in any way farther than for your mutual good. They might have warmed your devotion; you might have assisted them in many acts of charity, by your knowledge far more than your purse; beyond that you had better not have gone: you permitted yourself to be led, in order to become a leader: there lay the error."

"Mrs. Hennings gave a more haughty toss of the head than she had ever assumed before.

"By the way," continued the speaker, "you subscribed five guineas to our new chapel last week, and were to have paid it to-night at meeting. I had better

draw my pen over that line. Ah, sister ! I hope you will henceforward recollect that when we are told to do justice and to love mercy, the justice is first mentioned."

So saying, he erased the name ; and then turning to Henrietta, in a mild voice, and with even a deprecating air, he begged to know, " if there was any way in which he could assist her in the discharge of those distressing obligations."

There was something in the manly, open air of Mr. L——n, so different to the general cast of her mother's visitants, that Henrietta felt a degree of confidence in him she had not known for a long time ; yet she could not immediately speak. She fixed her eyes upon her instrument : those eyes were full of tears.

" You wish to part with your forte ?"

" I am willing to part with it, that means I can make my mother

“ Let us try the tone, if you please.”

Henrietta opened the instrument, and turning over some music, selected, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth ;” which she played and sung in such a manner as to show her auditor less her own powers, than her respect for him. That he felt the deference this implied, appeared in his intelligent smile at the commencement ; but in a short time, he became wrapt in that sublime enthusiasm which profound devotion and a passion for music naturally inspired : his hands were clasped, his eyes upraised, and tears coursed each other down his cheek. Such emotion, exhibited in a person of commanding form and fine features, in middle age, was striking ; and Henrietta wished for the powers of the painter, that she might have stamped on the canvass a form so interesting.

When Mr. L——n had recovered himself, he offered to purchase the instrument for his own daughters, with the

proviso, that when she was so situated as to repurchase it, he would resign it with pleasure. He paid Henrietta with a liberality rather suited to his own munificence and her necessities than its actual value. He departed, with the blessings of the daughter following him, and a wish that she could see him more frequently; but the mother, although she felt the relief which the bank-notes in Henrietta's hand were calculated to give, yet observed, that, "he was by no means the kind of person she took him for: his eulogists had gone far beyond truth. Had he been the man they represented, things would have been very different, and ——"

Mrs. Hemmings spoke some words in so low a tone that Henrietta could not exactly understand them, but they communicated a fact of which she had not hitherto been aware, that Mr. L—— was a widower, and a new light broke in



upon her respecting the whole of her mother's late conduct.

It was Henrietta's decided intention to keep this transaction an entire secret from her uncle, whose return they expected soon, but it unfortunately happened that the very day when he visited them after his long journey, the instrument was about to be removed. On parting with this dear pledge of Hanway's affection, and the memorial of the most delightful moments of her existence, Henrietta, "dropt some natural tears, but wiped them soon," and was busying herself with endeavouring so to place the furniture, that the chasm in the parlour might not be observable when her uncle entered. Her looks, as well as her employment, of course struck him, and his questions, in despite of her wishes, drew the whole truth from her, since she was too ingenuous to prevaricate, and too conscientious, to utter falsehood.

Mr. Hilton bit his lips, and inwardly muttered his vexation.

"I shall have so much more time for drawing," said Henrietta, "that it will be no great loss: I have played very little of late."

"Nor any thing else, I fear: I pity you from my soul; for, I have heard enough from Alfred of your mother's proceedings, to be aware of the life you lead: she has given the poor boy such a surfeit, that he declares if it were not for your sake, he would never come again; I know not what is to be done; you play well; draw better; dance admirably, and what, in my opinion, is worth more than all these, understand your own language perfectly, and French better than one in twenty who pretend to it; if you were a governess in a family of rank or respectability now? you would be much better off in every way."

"If my mother would consent!"

"Consent! aye, take my word for it.

she would consent, and be even so obliging as to spend your salary into the bargain. But then, what would be done? she would run hand over head, and be in jail within the twelvemonth."

Mrs. Hemmings's entrance interrupted their discourse: she received him with a measured cold expression of pleasure, as if it would have been sinful to rejoice; but her conscious superiority could not prevent her sinking beneath the glance of his eye over the apartment, and she even bore some little jesting at her prim caps and lengthened waist with great patience; but when he was gone, she made herself amends by stigmatising him as a worldly-minded man; and observed, "that like the prophet Elijah, she was condemned to be fed by a raven."

"Henrietta's breast swelled with honest indignation; but it was only by the sudden flushing of her cheek that her feelings were evinced, for she was aware, that if the kindness, the generosity of

her uncle had not impressed her mother's mind with gratitude, it was little likely that her words could effect it:

From the time of Mr. L——n's lecture, Mrs. Hemmings had shown strong symptoms of dislike and a kind of dread of her late beloved associates, who yet seemed to have wound a toil about her which she could not break. She had not the courage to bear being pointed at as an apostate and she felt that she never more would be praised as a saint; and to be second in any thing, was contrary to all rule in her case. In this uneasy frame of mind, though she ceased to lecture Henrietta in her usual preaching strain, her temper became the very reverse of what it formerly was, captious, fretful, mutable, and inconsistent. Henrietta was now compelled to rejoice when any person entered, whose presence might relieve her from the querulous complaints, spiteful remarks, and ill-tempered teazings of her mother; who when seated

quietly in her own house, with a daughter peculiarly fitted for a companion, seemed to be so completely out of her element, that she had a right to indulge all the sufferings and contortions of a fish out of water.

Thus passed another winter, and again the letters of Hanway awoke the springs of hope, and braced the powers of endurance, which were farther aided by Henrietta's receiving one also of the most flattering kind from Lady Isabella. It appeared that the lover of Henrietta had honourably informed his mother of the pains he had taken to prevail on Henrietta to marry him previous to his departure, and the firmness and propriety of her conduct, especially in its reference to herself, had so struck her Ladyship, that she immediately wrote to Henrietta, expressing in strong terms her sense of the excellent conduct she had observed, and reiterated the promises she had made to her son: she concluded

her letter by making respectful mention of Mrs. Hemmings.

A few weeks before, Mrs. Hemmings would have treated this attention as below her views, they being placed on things above her, (such probably as Mr. L——n's house and carriage,) but at the present juncture, the notice was so flattering as to carry considerable effect with it, and for some days Henrietta was loaded with praises which her warm and tender heart expanded to receive as the restored affections of a mother ever fondly loved. Her answer to Lady Isabella was worthy of herself, being at the same time modest and dignified; but the results of this short correspondence were injurious to her, since it induced her to surrender all thoughts of improving her situation, by entering a family in the manner her uncle had proposed, and on which she had been ruminating ever since.

This glimpse of worldly greatness, after

the first charm of it was over, rendered Mrs. Hemmings more discontented with her situation, and of course more difficult to please, and amuse than ever; and her continual inquietude added to that unobtrusive but deep solicitude which constantly pressed on Henrietta's spirits, began greatly to affect her health, and that unceasing activity which had hitherto supported her, became a burden which overpowered her. Mr. Hilton, on observing this, determined to run all risks with his sister, for the sake of placing her daughter in some situation where the benefits of society might wean her from those contemplations which injured her peace, and where her powers might expand beneath the genial atmosphere of polished life.

This change became soon more evidently necessary, although she ceased to complain, and buried deep in her bosom the new shaft which wounded her peace. This was the air of coldness and care-

lessness which pervaded the last short letter she had received from Hanway, and for which even the hurry in which it was evidently written could not form an excuse, although love pleaded for him whatever a mind rich in expedients could suggest. Her total silence on the subject led Mr. Hilton to suspect it; and as the only relief his mind could suggest, he speedily arranged matters for their removal to pleasant lodgings in the city of W——, where he knew he could introduce Henrietta to one amiable family, and where her mother would meet with some of the friends of her youth, who would be willing to receive her, notwithstanding her strange transformation, for the sake of her amiable daughter.

The very sight of this pleasant genteel city seemed to inspire Mrs. Hemmings with new feelings, and revive ideas which she had professed to banish for ever from her mind. The first thing she did, on arriving at her new home, was to alter



the formal folding of her handkerchief, and push back the border of her cap; and Henrietta could not forbear smiling, as, on the mistress of the house proposing to show her the garden, she said, "I will take your bonnet, my dear: you must make me one like it to-morrow."

Mr's. Hemmings had not been ignorant for some time that she had recovered her good looks; and her endeavours to ascertain the truly becoming in her late stile of dress had never been relinquished: but she was well aware that what appeared beautiful in the eyes of her late friends, would be *outré* and vulgar in those of her present friends; it was therefore no wonder that she began to entirely reform her wardrobe, though it appeared very strange to Henrietta, who had been accustomed to hear her descant on the folly and wickedness of all fashionable vanities; for she was not yet aware of the self-deception which influenced her mother, nor how common it is in human.

nature. She, however, assisted her mother most cordially, and felt pleasure in finding she had the power of pleasing her.

The day after their arrival, several friends of Mrs. Hemmings dropped in, and invited them to tea parties. When cards were introduced, Mrs. Hemmings at first declined them, by saying, "she was out of practice;" but in a short time this objection was overruled, and, not having the fear of censure before her eyes, she began to play. Being highly complimented by her partner, she gave much attention to the game, became interested and amused, and from that time forward sought only to extend her acquaintance in such a manner as was likely to ensure an engagement for every evening.

A consciousness of the inconsistency of her conduct rendered Mrs. Hemmings conciliating, and at times almost submissive, to her daughter, before

whose steady conduct and better principles of action, her changeable mind was cowed; but yet she was frequently out of humour, and always out of spirits, when her wishes for company were not indulged, which was of course one-half of her time. It is true, visiting was at ~~W—~~ carried on among a large circle of ladies at little expence: these were principally widows with small jointures, and misses with small dowries; but it was too plain to Henrietta, that, as her mother pushed herself by her skill in cards, which she now made her serious study, added to her manners, which had now resumed their former elegant polish, she would step into a circle it was by no means in their power to move in, and of course all her former difficulties must ~~return~~. Henrietta was not only anxious to escape this, but to save something to assist her youngest brother now at Cambridge, and whose necessary expences there, of course, lay heavy on her uncle.

This youth was of the highest promise: his attainments and his good conduct kept pace with the expectations which had been formed of him; and his letters, which were alike agreeable, intelligent, and affectionate, were the greatest gratification she experienced, and she often marvelled how her mother could withhold any means of benefitting either him or Alfred, who were sons of whom she could not fail to be proud.

But whilst Henrietta ever inculcated in her own mind the claims of duty, integrity, and economy, her heart was ever open to the wants of others; and any thing she could really consider her own was ever at the command of the needy and afflicted. A case of peculiar distress occurring under her eye, induced her to consider the possibility of disposing of her drawings for the purpose of aiding the sufferers. In order to do this, she was under the necessity of consulting Amelia Conduit, who, as it was the first ac-



for each other, and having settled never to part, kept each to their wedded bondage, yet they were, in every respect, dissimilar, though equally disagreeable. One abhorred all noise, and was in perpetual dread lest the children should disturb her; the other delighted in a bustle, and listened with eagerness for the hour of play or the sound of dancing. The first was quiet, but scornful, severe, and vindictive; the other frank and lively, but passionate, provoking, coarse, and insolent. Each never failed to rail against the other, to every person whom she could procure as a hearer; but it is only justice to add, that, like most married couples, they did not permit any person to agree with their invectives. One lady had a favourite parrot, the other a dear lap-dog, who were as good haters as Dr. Johnson could desire, and kept up the ball of contention between their respective mistresses in such a manner as to put all *ennui* to flight; and, as if these were

insufficient, one party bought a linnet on the day after her friend had been presented with a beautiful kitten, and thus laid a new foundation for injuries, complaints, and troubles without number.

Amelia had the sole management of these perturbed spirits. Her affectionate heart could not endure that the placid temper and retiring meekness of her mother should be disturbed by their asperity; and her sisters, whose education had fitted them for an active part in their school, were too fully engaged in their respective duties to be made parties to their daily sorrows and hourly irritations. - If they agreed in any one thing, it was in their esteem for this admirable young woman; but this source of agreement was so carefully concealed, that each thought her an object of dislike to the other, and therefore loved her the more from a spirit of contradiction.

Well might Mr. Templeman exclaim against the evils of indulged ill-humour.

Loss of fortune, of friends, of health, the most distressing privations, bitter disappointments, severe pains and lingering diseases, do not strew so many thorns on the path of life as human beings inflict on each other. With companions so well disposed for acting the part of tormentors, it may be supposed that there was much bitterness in Amelia's cup of life. Such, however, was the subdued feeling, the happy equanimity, with which she sipped it; that the cheerfulness of her countenance, as well as the kindness of her welcome, never failed to inspire Henrietta with comfort; and in confiding her hopes, fears, and wishes to her, she ever found relief, and attained resignation to every calamity but the loss of Hanway's affection.

Amelia had a friend in London, to whom she could apply for the disposal of the drawings, which, although finished as well as Henrietta's knowledge permitted, were yet of a description which



were not likely to attract a vulgar eye; but one which looked to power of mind and tasteful discrimination, could not fail to be pleased with them. Happily, they were presented to one which could not only distinguish her merits but prescribe to her deficiencies, and paid for them with no niggard hand. Henrietta, therefore, with astonishment and delight, soon found herself rich enough, not only to relieve the objects of her compassion, but to present her brother with books for his college-studies, and her mother with some articles of apparel for which she was daily wishing.

The sense of being useful is ever consolatory, and the circumstance of finding herself in possession of power, and something like independence, gave a spring to Henrietta's spirits which rendered the next letter she received from Hanway much less depressive than the last had been, though its character was little different. The complaints of the

absent lover were now changed into those of the soldier; he spoke much of his hardships and disappointments, but he did not advert to them as connected with his future prospects as a husband; his style was less tender than formerly, but yet there was nothing to complain of in words, though the spirit which once inspired them was comparatively fled. Henrietta, however, would not permit herself to cavil at trifles; and a short time after receiving this letter, public news from India announced a victory, in which Hanway had taken an active part: he was promoted; and so honourably named in the public dispatches, that the heart of Henrietta bounded in triumph, and she felt that joy which is supposed to reward the wife of the warrior for all the sorrows of solicitude.

When the tumult of spirits had subsided, occasioned by this exaltation of a heart long bent down with anxiety, Henrietta applied herself with renewed

vigour to her pencil; but, alas! her industry served no other end than to awaken Mrs. Hemmings's speculation upon her future gains, on the strength of which she bespoke millinery, called on people in a superior sphere, and approached, by quick gradations, to half-crown tables, leaving the three-penny points of her first acquaintance far behind, to their equal envy, censure, and disgust.

“Henrietta was appalled by this change, and sometimes could not refrain from weeping over it, but she remembered her uncle's advice, and renewed her energies. The time was now fast approaching when she trusted Hanway would claim her; and though she could not think of quitting her country and her dear connections without a sigh, yet not only her honour but her love made her hold herself ready to depart. A considerable time had elapsed since she heard from Lady Isabella; and fears respecting her

promised support would sometimes arise ; but she considered that her promise of consent could not be retracted, and that the advancement her lover had now gained, would enable him to marry without it. Sometimes she pleased herself with thinking the money she was now gaining would furnish her with wedding dresses ; and little as she was accustomed to think for herself, yet, when connected with the idea of meeting Hanway, it was natural that she should desire the means of appearing like the wife of a gentleman. During the whole of this summer, (the last she expected to spend at W—) she was devoted to her employment, in the hopes of making a considerable sum at Christmas. She accomplished her object, and her friend Amelia being in London for the vacation, she remitted her all the money she could procure for the drawings, which arrived at the very time her youngest brother came to spend

his recess from study, with his mother and sister.

William was now become a fine young man : he had been distinguished at Cambridge ; was rich in friendship, and glowing with hope and affection ; his heart was full, but his pockets were empty ; for though his uncle was very kind, there were many lesser expences, many wants and temptations to literary men, of which he could not exactly judge, nor under the pressure of the times to commercial men, even afford to supply.

Henrietta saw and felt all this : her ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> was open, her ready hand extended, and a smile of almost angelic pleasure was beaming on her countenance, when her mother broke in on their *tête-à-tête*, and exclaiming, "Heavens ! where did you get that money ?" made an effort to snatch it before it reached the hand of her son.

"It is *my* money, my dear mother,

the money which I have received for my drawings from Miss Conduit."

"But you are surely not giving it to William; what can he want with money? I am certain my brother would be hurt, nay, very angry, if he thought William robbed you of the fruit of so many, many, tedious hours. I am sure it shocks me to think of it."

William, starting, laid the bills down.  
"I would not take them for the world," said he.

"I knew you would not, my dear, when I—that is, I mean, when I had explained it to you." As she spoke, Mrs. Hemmings seized the bills, and huddled them into her pocket, adding, "I will take care of them for you."

Henrietta was too well aware, that her mother's real motive for this conduct remained unexplained; and although deeply aggrieved, disappointed, and vexed, she would not degrade her mother, in the eyes of her youngest child, by

insisting on explanation ; but she had the presence of mind not to let it escape her, that this intended gift, was not her all. Though naturally the most ingenuous of human beings, she had by many a painful lesson been taught to distinguish between insincerity and imprudence, and her sincere sympathy for poor William's disappointment induced her to preserve the most determined silence as to her future emoluments and her present little possession.

Nothing more passed for some days, and Henrietta at length thought she had a right to enquire after her money, and was endeavouring to conquer the difficulty she felt in arraigning a parent, when Mrs. Hemmings, as if aware of her intention, began to inform her, with an air of great importance, that Mrs. Stewartson, a friend of her's, who had always paid the most friendly attention to Henrietta, was on the point of setting out to Bath, and that she had a great notion it

was her intention to make her the companion of such a delightful journey; "in which case," she added, "you will want many new things, about which we must consult and manage as well as we can, for my brother is such a churl, I fear you will get nothing out of him."

"I consider my uncle the kindest, best of men," said Henrietta, reddening; "and although it is very kind in Mrs. Stewartson to think of inviting me, yet I would much rather decline the pleasure than add to the burthen, he has borne so long."

"Well, if I had thought you would have been so very easy about it, I would have pushed a little more for myself; to be sure, as it was, I did talk a good deal about your retired disposition, and all that, but it would'nt take at all: she must have a young person, to be sure: I saw her motives well enough; and if I could any way have raised the money, I



would have gone directly, on purpose to mortify her."

"To mortify her? I don't understand this."

"Probably not; but I see it all clearly. Between her and you there can be no rivalry; and a fine young woman will always draw company about a house. But surely among that class of people who look at *widows*, somebody would have very little chance of being either seen or heard, when *somebody else* was near. However, we must make our best of her: a journey cannot be taken every day; and one may live in W—— to eternity, and see nothing better than grey-headed clergymen, yellow admirals, and physicians without patients."

This harangue was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Stewartson, who requested Henrietta's company in her projected trip, with so much genuine kindness, that it was impossible to refuse it. It was proposed, that they should set out on the

following Monday, which, although more early than was convenient to Henrietta, she could not, of course, object to.

Mrs. Hemmings left the house at the same time with their visitant, saying, she must go a-shopping; and she had been gone only a few minutes, when William entered, in great haste, saying, "He had met with a college friend, who would take him in his curricule to B——, or perhaps to Cambridge;" and he added, "in my circumstances, sister, such an offer must not be refused."

The word circumstances struck Henrietta; and while William made up his parcel, she took out the remainder of her money, and gave it him. She had in the first instance divided her little property in two parts, and offered him the half; so that when he saw the same sum put into his hands as before, he had no doubt but she had got back the money from their mother to fulfil her original intention. Most thankful and happy, he

in a muslin gown, which was new every time it was washed: a tall, fine figure was in, itself sufficiently commanding, and to dress out persons of that description was ill-judged: it made them look like tragedy queens, ‘beauty was, when unadorned, adorned the most.’ It was true that at a *certain* time of life dress was advantageous; it repaired the thefts of time; but in youth there was nothing like simplicity. It was happily the fashion now-a-days to show the woman, and not her dress; and, as Henrietta had no motive for hiding her person, she hoped when she got to Bath she would exhibit it as other girls did; in which case she would find that very little dress would suffice for exciting admiration.”

To all this the daughter replied, “that as her mother had been out to buy her clothes, she was willing to make them up according to her direction.”

“Why, as to buying, in the *literal* sense of the word, I have not; but, as I

have paid my bill to the milliner, you know, it enables you with propriety to open an account, so that is the same thing. "And," she added, "when you are known to be Mrs. Stewartson's visitant, you may get credit any where : that is the great advantage of having genteel connections."

Henrietta, who almost wished herself again with those vulgar connections she had once found equally embarrassing, determined, however, to be Amelia's debtor for even more than her kindness had offered, rather than any other person's ; she contented herself with requiring only a little pocket money.

Mrs. Hemmings gave her a guinea and a few shillings, saying, it was all she had in the world ; but thanking her stars that quarter-day was coming the next week.

Henrietta, blushing as she spoke, trusted that her next quarter would leave her mother rich, because she would

not have her to keep ; meaning this as a hint to her to be careful ; but it fell on an ear but little inclined to stoop to counsel of this description.

Having packed up every letter and vestige of Hanway's affection, as the dearest treasure she possessed, Henrietta set out with her kind conductress, and reached Bath in safety. There is something in travelling which never fails to awaken the buoyant spirits of youth ; and although it was still the depth of winter, our young friend found much attraction in the novelty of all around her ; and with Bath itself she was delighted.

Mrs. Stewartson had secured genteel apartments in the Circus ; and as she kept a handsome chariot, and was known to be a well-jointured widow, her company was soon sought ; and Henrietta, as a friend of her's, and a young person of prepossessing manners, was treated with great distinction.

Henrietta had just entered her twenty-

third year, and her personal charms had now obtained that finish which was required to their character; and as Bath was not full on their arrival, there was not one person on her first appearance at the rooms who could dispute the palm with her for beauty and elegance; and even when the city became crowded, she still maintained the place which universal admiration assigned her. She was every where followed by praise, and inundated by flattery: her dress was copied, her looks, voice, and manner imitated, and she stepped at once from seclusion, labour and obscurity, into all the honours of fame and the pleasures of fortune.

To suppose that Henrietta did not enjoy the brilliant scene around her, that her heart did not vibrate to the chord of pleasure, nor listen to the voice of admiration, would be to suppose her more of a philosopher than ever woman was at her age, whose situation had so long afforded a mournful contrast to the

splendid gaiety and polished cheerfulness that now strewed her path with harmless flowers. But it is barely doing her justice to say, that one smile from her far distant lover, and the near hopes of braving the Atlantic to meet him, would have been much dearer to her heart, than the amusements which surrounded her; and that a letter from either of her brothers could at any time give a charm to her affectionate bosom beyond the transitory conquest, or the sprightly dance.

In a very short time, it must be allowed that the poverty Henrietta experienced was a very sensible drawback to her comforts, and obliged her to refuse many gratifications which courted her acceptance. She was, indeed, cruelly wounded on finding that her mother had received her annuity without sending her a single pound, and at the time she requested it, had so far engaged it all, as to be obliged to refuse her. This was an

act of cruelty, which cost her several sleepless nights, and rendered her situation so awkward, that if she had possessed the means of leaving Bath, she would doubtless have requested Mrs. Stewartson's leave to depart; and she was at last driven to confess her situation to her uncle, and request his assistance, and with a perplexed heart had taken the pen in her hand, when Mrs. Stewartson entered her room.

"You must make yourself very smart to-night for the rooms, Henrietta, for we are going to have a grand bridal party: the daughter of Lady Isabella Hanway, who has married the honourable Mr. Osborne, make their appearance: the youngest sister is bride-maid: she is said to be a great beauty: the mother was so once; she will be there also; but we have no time to lose, I must have a cap and some other trifles, for all my things have been seen ten times over."

The heart of Henrietta throbbed vio-



lently; was she then to meet the woman on whom all her future happiness seemed to hang? never had she felt equally desirous to appear to advantage; and as she accompanied Mrs. Stewartson to Bennet Street, she repeated that lady's words mechanically, "all my things have been seen ten times over:" they entered the millinery rooms, and among other dresses, one of white sarsnet immediately attracted Henrietta's eye. Though very genteel, the price asked for it was so moderate, that she felt convinced her circumstances were considered by Mrs. G—, and she was on the point of desiring it to be sent home for her, when she observed that it was laid upon a musical instrument: the remembrance of her own flushed upon her mind, and the manner in which she had lost it. "No!" said she, "I will not forget the lesson of that distressing day, I will resist temptation," and the dress was given up.

They returned home, and Henrietta poked of declining the ball for that evening, but Mrs. Stewartson would not hear of it, and Henrietta withdrew to dress a full hour before her usual time, that she might improve her appearance as well as circumstances allowed : in her room she found, with equal surprise and pleasure, the dress she had so much admired, together with a set of neat ornaments, on which a very affectionate note was pinned from Mrs. Stewartson, begging her acceptance of them.

Thus genteelly yet modestly equipped, Henrietta repaired to the rooms with a palpitating heart : her anxiety rendered her pale, until the moment when Lady Isabella and her party entered, when a deep and glowing colour took possession of her cheeks, and her alarmed eye darted in its timid glances unusual lustre. She was not long in suspense as to Lady Isabella's conduct towards her, for through the medium of a friend of Mrs.

Stewartson's, an introduction soon took place, and Lady Isabella afterwards presented her to her daughters herself, in a manner which insured their kindness, so that she felt herself recognised as the future relative of the family. Yet she perceived an air of thought, and even of sorrow, on the features of Lady Isabella, which added to a certain stateliness of manner, (which even in its affability indicated condescension,) and therefore Henrietta could not help feeling, that while she honoured her with individual approbation, she yet inwardly regretted her son's engagement.

She was roused from this reverie, by learning, that her hand was requested by her old and almost forgotten acquaintance, Sir Charles Elkington, who was one of the bridal party, and who, though he had lost sight of her, had never suffered any one to replace her in his mind. As she received him with that politeness which was natural to her, and was.

perhaps, more than commonly called out by the circumstances of the evening, and he perceived the admiration which was universally conceded to her, his own appeared to re-kindle, and his attentions were so exclusively directed to her, as to excite much attention. The eyes of Lady Isabella were particularly directed to them, and under the idea that she was watched with jealousy by the mother of her lover, Henrietta became so extremely uncomfortable, that she desired Mrs. Stewartson to depart at an early hour, for though conscious that every thought of her heart, and particular of her conduct, would bear the minutest investigation, the scrutiny was unpleasant. On wishing her Ladyship good-night, she received an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a smile which seemed to say, "You are a good girl, you do not flirt;" but that smile was followed by a deep sigh, and an air of mystery seemed thrown over the words in which she said,

“ You will see me very soon, my dear ; we must converse together on a subject of great importance to us both ; indeed, I have a letter for you, which it is high time to deliver.”



## CHAP. V.

Intent the mother look'd upon her son,  
 And wish'd the assent withdrawn, the deed undone.  
 CRABBE.

NEARLY a fortnight elapsed before Lady Isabella made her promised visit, which, although it might not be a long time to one spending it in the daily pursuit of pleasure, arising out of the happy disposal of her daughter, Henrietta could not forbear condemning as cruelly long, to one who like herself spent it in great solicitude. During this period she met repeatedly with Sir Charles Elkington, who had gained an introduction to Mrs. Stewartson, and in every possible way appeared anxious to make himself agreeable to her; from which circumstance she was obliged to conclude that her engagement

with Major Hanway could not have been explained to him by Mrs. Osborne, a circumstance in itself mortifying, and which also seemed to impose silence upon her, at least until the time of that decisive offer of his hand, which she had constant reason to expect.

At length Lady Isabella made her appearance, and the solemn countenance she wore, together with her first address, induced Mrs. Stewartson immediately to leave the room, and poor Henrietta found herself alone with the only human being from whom she had ever shrunk, and whom she had long considered as much the arbitress of her destiny, as a fellow-mortal could be considered such.

Whatever might be Henrietta's feelings, her confusion by no means exceeded that of her honourable visitant; she appeared totally at a loss for words, and sat with her eyes fixed upon a letter in her hand.

At length Henrietta, by a strong effort,

begged to know if that letter was for her?

“It is, Miss Hemmings; but as I am aware of its contents, and believe they will be painful to you, I feel something like preparation necessary; allow me to enquire, when you received a letter from any —, from Major Hanway?”

“Just before his promotion, Madam.”

“Was it written as usual, may I ask?”

With a deep blush, and in a tremulous tone, Henrietta replied, “that the three last letters she had received were not written in the style he had once adopted, but yet they —”

“Were not absolutely brutal?”

Henrietta replied by a look of surprise.

“You may look at me with surprise, but when I tell you, that within the two last years, Major Hanway has drawn upon me to such an amount as greatly to distress me, and seriously to injure his sisters, you will not wonder at the harshness of any expression I may happen to use;



you will likewise see," she continued, in a low and rapid voice, "the utter impossibility of fulfilling an engagement conditional on my part."

With gasping agony, Henrietta articulated,

"Undoubtedly, Madam — you are — certainly —"

"Certainly *justified!* but that justification can afford no comfort to the heart of a mother, who has struggled as I have done, for the welfare of a son whom I have loved only too fondly; but I have borne every thing, rather than he should suffer disgrace, or his misconduct reach the ears of his father's brother, who has a large fortune to bequeath; oh! I have had anxiety beyond what tongue can tell."

Lady Isabella burst into tears, but after a short time obtained that self-control which was habitual to her lofty mind, and again addressed Henrietta, who trembled, and appeared ready to faint.

“I am truly concerned for you, my dear, as I am convinced of the steadiness of your attachment, and the propriety of your conduct. I trust, however, you will get the better of this affair, and even that your lot in life will be improved by it. I have Sir Charles Elkington’s authority for saying it is his sincere desire to ——”

Henrietta burst into such a flood of hysterical tears at this moment, that Lady Isabella was obliged to ring the bell, and as soon as Mrs. Stewartson came in, she gave her the letter she still held in her hand, and, evidently in great perturbation of spirits, departed.

Some time elapsed before Henrietta had power either to explain the cause of her distress to Mrs. Stewartson, or read the letter, in which, at length, she found the following address, written, it was evident, in great agitation.

“ I have been unfortunate, and I am .

wretched, Henrietta; this cursed climate, the universal system of expense, a thousand things have contributed to ruin my health, my fortune — in short, I am compelled to give you back the promise you so generously made. I will not tie you to ruin and beggary. I will not present you with the wretched remnant of life, which my misfortunes, perhaps my errors, have consigned to misery.

“ Had you been with me as my guardian angel, it would not have been thus; but I will not, cannot blame you — my heart again beats for you as warmly as ever; do not hate me, Henrietta, most probably we shall meet no more, and if I fall in the bed of honour, rejoice over me, as being snatched from worse than death.

“ Your distracted,

“ E. HANWAY.”

Again and again Henrietta read this letter, weighing every word and giving to every one what she conceived to be

its genuine accent; and the result of her considerations was the sincerest pity and affection for the writer, whose sickness and sorrow in her eyes rendered him far more an object of pity than blame, though she was well enabled to judge, from her own experience, how much Lady Isabella had also suffered: but that lady's mention of Sir Charles's love, had so wounded her sense of delicacy (at such a moment of suffering) that she was little inclined to do justice to her feelings. All her thoughts were, at this period of anguish, naturally confided to Mrs. Stewartson, and it was with great sorrow that lady perceived that she by no means renounced her ideas of finally marrying Hanway, as she repeatedly adverted to the circumstance of his promotion having taken place since the letter was written.

"I should not be your friend, if I allowed you to dwell on this," said Mrs. Stewartson; "Hanway will never now"

be so situated as to marry a woman without fortune, for the wants of extravagance are ever increasing; had he loved you, Henrietta, as he ought to have done, he would have been careful for your sake. Depend upon it, he is incurable; for, if a kind and generous mother, and an affianced wife, could not influence him in youth, they are little likely to do so when his luxuries are become habits."

Henrietta heard all her friend had to say, in silence; but her heart could not acquiesce. When that friend went on to speak of Sir Charles, she was no longer silent, she protested against the utter impossibility of bartering her affections, or of daring to accept one man, when her heart was filled with the image of another — it was an idea from which her soul revolted.

Mrs. Stewartson considered, that hers was indeed no common case. For five complete years she had been the betrothed wife of Hanway, and that she still clung

to the love expressed in his letter was evident; but this Mrs. Stewartson herself held to be a species of despicable coquetry, by which he still sought an interest in her whom he had injured. She was, however, so fully convinced that Sir Charles Elkington could never be his successor in the heart of Henrietta, that she took it upon herself to decline the solicitations of that gentleman, in Henrietta's name, the week following.

Sir Charles and Lady Isabella, and her party, left Bath immediately afterwards, and Henrietta, considering how much her friend had been disturbed by her sorrows, exerted herself to the utmost, and with an aching heart, and debilitated frame, professed her readiness to go out and see company as usual.

It so happened, that the first private party she went into, an elderly gentleman, Mr. Norman, and his nephew, were announced as newly-arrived visitors. In that nephew, Henrietta recognized Fre-

deric Campseille, the generous young man to whom all her family were so much indebted. This meeting pleased and affected her much, and she wished it had taken place where fewer eyes were upon her. Mrs. Stewartson had heard Mr. Norman frequently spoken of in high terms, and being much pleased with both him and his nephew, did not hesitate to invite them to her house. The conversations Henrietta held with him were both pleasant and painful, as they renewed the memory of her father and her youthful hopes; but she found so much true delicacy, unaffected sympathy, and goodwill in the manners of her young friend, on all the subjects in which she was personally concerned, so much good sense and information in general conversation, that her time with him passed more pleasantly than she had of late believed possible.

Frederic Campseille had loved Henrietta from his boyish days, and, although

the information of her engagement had, in his own opinion, after a long struggle, succeeded in extinguishing his youthful passion, he now felt it revive with more ardour than before, and as a whisper had gone forth, from which he learned that, in the Bath phrase, "all was over," between Hanway and Henrietta, and had not been told how lately the affair had occurred, and was encouraged by the gentle smiles of the pensive girl, he unhappily ventured to declare the state of his heart too soon (for, with so much sincere esteem, it is probable a softer feeling might have ensued); in consequence, Henrietta, with much candour, but considerable agitation, gave him to understand "that she felt it impossible to return his affection, and, to a heart so generous as his, she could not offer a divided attachment, and esteem alone was in her power."

The disappointment of the young man could not be concealed from his uncle,



to whom he was inexpressibly dear, and who was desirous of seeing him married. The vexation it caused *him* was communicated to Mrs. Stewartson, and he no longer experienced it alone. She was now seriously angry with her favourite, for she would not allow herself to believe that any remaining affection for a man who she persisted to think had used her cruelly, ought to have induced her to reject so eligible an offer. Sir Charles was many years older than Henrietta, and though a well-bred man, was not possessed of the qualities that were likely to attach a girl of her talents; but in Frederic Campseille there was person, fortune, taste, talents, and, above all, an excellent disposition and sound principles, as well as unimpeachable conduct.

Mrs. Stewartson was hasty in her temper; she decided on instantly returning home, and resigning the charge of one who, however dear to her, had provoked her beyond bearing. Instantly ordering

four post-horses to her chariot, she summoned Henrietta to depart, confiding to her servants the charge of packing, and settling all her affairs in Bath, which, from her own regularity, were not very momentous.

The ladies took a hasty dinner at Petty France, and, as days were now long and the nights moonlight, Mrs. Stewartson determined on pursuing her journey without loss of time, and desired to have good horses, that would draw them quickly. Henrietta observed, as she got into the carriage, that the leaders were very restive. "If they are strong and spirited," said Mrs. S., "that is all I desire; mild creatures are the most untractable of all things."

In a short time, they began to descend the high hill, which leads to Frocester, and the mind of Henrietta was enraptured by the magnificent scene which, like an immense carpet, lay unrolled before her eye. The beautiful plains of

Gloucestershire, fringed by hedges and enriched by large orchards covered with apple-blossoms, lay stretched in wide succession before them, bounded by the distant mountains of Wales. Villages, churches, farms, and the "bright city," with its lofty towers, enriched and diversified the scene, through which the majestic Severn rolled his stream in many windings. In a few minutes, all danced before her eyes, and compelled her to attend to their situation — they were descending, with a rapidity that mocked control and threatened destruction.

Every moment the hill became more steep, and the declivity from the road side more terrible. Mrs. Stewartson screaming, endeavoured to open the door and throw herself out in spite of Henrietta's entreaties, who assured her it would be the greatest danger of the two; in a few moments she effected her purpose, in a few more the carriage was overturned, yet dragged forward. In the

first shock Henrietta received a violent contusion of the head, which, added to the crash of the fall, and the terror it inspired, deprived her of her senses; she believed herself dying, and a prayer for Hanway trembled on her lips.

In a short time she was drawn out of the carriage, water was held to her lips and poured on her forehead; she revived, and eagerly enquired for Mrs. Stewartson; a countryman and his wife, who had assisted to extricate her, instantly set out to the place which was pointed out, and found the poor lady lying in the most dreadful situation, her leg was fractured in the most terrible manner, and she was otherwise grievously injured, but Henrietta, when she came to herself, found, that except the bruise on her forehead, which, though painful and disfiguring, was not material, she had escaped unhurt.

Mrs. Stewartson was conveyed to the nearest house, in the most terrible state

of suffering, and thither Henrietta, followed immediately, and applying a bandage dipped in vinegar to her forehead, gave herself up to consoling and attending upon her unfortunate friend. A surgeon was procured as soon as possible, but they were at such a distance from medical help, that before his arrival the injured limb was too much swelled to admit of the fracture being reduced; other assistance was procured; several days passed in unspeakable agony, and at length amputation was submitted to, as the only chance of life which remained to the patient.

During this time Mrs. Stewartson's servants had been summoned, and every means adopted which could add to the comforts of the cottage in which she was constrained to remain; but Henrietta was the unfailing companion of her couch, the nurse and friend to whom she looked for every assistance, and when it was decided that many weeks must yet pass

before removal could be safely effected, Henrietta declared that, however long the time, no circumstance short of the sickness of her mother, should call her from her office for a single day.

Many people are capable of a noble resolution, but few can abide by the consequences; poor Mrs. Stewartson, worn down by a misfortune which seized her in the midst of high health and full enjoyment, probably felt and acted, as almost every other person would have done under the same trial. She was a woman with a sense of religion and a good understanding, and she endeavoured so to call both to her aid, as to enable her to endure much dreadful pain with patience and fortitude; but the languor induced by confinement, the sense of her loss, the gnawing, corroding, wearisome hours she passed, fatigued her spirits, soured her temper, and rendered her often irascible and fretful: and although she loved Henrietta with the truest affec-

tion, she yet was often inconsiderate towards her, and her very love of her society, rendered her intolerable in her demands upon her attention.

Long and wearisome was the summer thus passed, one circumstance alone illumined it, which, like a gem in a cavern, shed a bright though useless lustre; in relating this accident, common report had so far magnified poor Henrietta's share of the evil, that she was said to have lost all her beauty by it, and that, although her life was spared, her health was irreparably injured. On hearing this report, Frederic Campseille wrote to Mr. Hilton, lamenting it in terms of the most tender compassion, entreating him to procure every possible aid for the beloved sufferer, and when he saw a proper moment for introducing the subject, begged that he would inform her that she had in him still a faithful lover, ever ready to present his hand and fortune, and desirous of dedicating his future life to

soothing her sorrows of every description.

On learning this, Henrietta wept in pure gratitude, but her feelings were only led to reflect with the more solicitude on her situation with Hanway, for whom alone she wished to preserve the beauty he might yet desire to call his own.

Summer passed in this melancholy situation, and so severe had been the sufferings of the patient during this time, that a decline was now apprehended as the consequence, and she was advised to remove, during the autumn to the Isle of Wight. There Henrietta also determined to accompany her, and also to the Madeiras, should it be found necessary, and this circumstance she of course informed her mother of; lamenting at the same time, that she was under the necessity of removing so far without bidding her adieu, and hinting her hope, that as



the journey was a short one, Mrs. Hemmings would come over from W— to say farewell, before their departure, to poor Mrs. Stewartson.

To the grief and mortification of Henrietta, this desired interview, did not take place; nor was her letter even answered within the time prescribed; and as the plans for removal could not now be altered, she was compelled to set out for an indefinite time, without seeing her only parent. They travelled slowly, and reached the place of their destination in safety, where Henrietta found a letter from her mother lying at the post-office, and which, seizing with avidity, she read with eagerness, and had the new pain of finding the following lines.

“ I desire, my dear Henrietta, that, if you really have the love and duty towards me most people give you credit for, that you will immediately send me thirty

pounds. I should think Mrs. Stewartson must have given you that, or more ; and you cannot want money in her house. Alfred behaves like a wretch ; he has sent me seven pounds, and declares he has no more, his uncle being on a journey, and such nonsense. My trials are beyond bearing : I have held such hands as never were seen, night after night ; and the fool of a maid threw a cup of coffee over a new chambermaid that I got to pay my first visit in to Mrs. Griffiths ; and my pelisse is not fit to be seen. They say quadrille is coming in ; and I am heartily glad of it ; for though it is a cheating game, you seldom lose much. If you hav'n't the money, try to borrow it for me of the Conduits : their school is very thriving. But, mark me ; I *must* have it, or I shall be utterly disgraced : I am already pointed at, and whispered about : of all things in the world, defend me from living in a tittle tattle, genteel city, where people have

no business on earth but pulling each other to pieces.

“ Yours, &c. &c.

“ H. HEMMINGS.”

“ P. S. Colonel Crawley (a stupid old man at best, you know) was my partner last night, and absolutely held three hands running, without a trump, and when we changed partners, made four by honours twice in one rubber. I think this may serve to set off against your accident. I can't do with a shilling less than thirty pounds: if I have not that, I shall be in the hands of the lawyers immediately.”

Disappointed, troubled, and, indeed, alarmed, as Henrietta was by this epistle, her first care was to keep her mother's circumstances from Mrs. Stewartson; and as that lady had kindly presented her with a twenty pound note, for her personal expenses on setting out upon her

journey, which was yet untouched, she lost not a moment in forwarding that, with her watch, (which was a valuable one, being the present of her fond father on the very night when she first beheld Hanway,) for the relief of her mother. Having done this, though her heart was deeply wounded, she gave her whole mind to rendering their new situation as convenient and agreeable as possible to her suffering friend, and had the satisfaction to perceive that the change of air, the beauty of their situation, and the accommodation afforded by a good house, which was taken ready for them, had altogether a very promising effect.

They had now been settled about a fortnight, and the first promise of health was, to the great grief of Henrietta, again disappearing, when, to her astonishment rather than her joy, she was one day summoned down stairs by her mother, whom she was well aware would add not

a little to that daily task, which was already too heavy.

Mrs. Hemmings told her, in a hurried way, that she had left W—— for ever, knowing that it was a most scandalous place, and that it was too probable her little embarrassment would creep out; that, however, between what was sent by Henrietta, and other matters, she had paid all her debts, and was come to live in the island, being a cheap place, and suited to such a pittance as her's.

Henrietta could only reply, "that it was a cheap place, nor was W—— a dear one," when Mrs. Hemmings interrupted her with—

"But, bless my life, Henrietta, what a fright you do grow: you are as pale as a ghost; in fact, you have quite a bilious complexion. But 'tis no wonder, single women generally look old very soon; and I reckon you on the old maid's list, for I was the mother of five or six children at your age. Why, you will be four-and-

twenty next spring. But, come, let us see what smart things you bought in Bath?"

"I had no money, you know, mother: I could buy nothing."

A message from Mrs. Stewartson interrupted the conversation, which was not soon renewed, for the invalid was not in the humour to receive her unwished-for guest. In a short time Mrs. Hemmings procured pleasant lodgings in a row of small houses, which had been built for the purpose of accommodating summer visitants, within an easy distance of Mrs. Stewartson's house, and endeavoured to make some acquaintance among the few visitants of the place, who lingered late in autumn. When these were gone, the place was indeed very dull, and Mrs. Hemmings began to be extremely fretful and discontented.

Henrietta regularly visited her mother, morning and evening; and when Mrs. Stewartson was able to see her, she went over to bring her to dine with them;

but this was only seldom, and never desired by the mother. In fact, the sight of Mrs. Stewartson affected Mrs. Hemmings exceedingly; and as she saw her, but seldom, every interview renewed her painful sensations with an acuteness she could not control; to see a person of her own age, to whose acquaintance she had earnestly aspired, and whom she had ever considered most enviably situated, at once precipitated from all the enjoyments of life, and condemned apparently to linger out the remnant of her days in a state of constant pain and hopeless weakness, in which fortune itself could only be wasted on means of relief, which yet answered no end, afforded a subject of contemplation which completely overcame her spirits, and from which she endeavoured, but often vainly, to escape.

But these visits to the house of mourning, though painful, and frequently a source of great uneasiness to Henrietta,

who was regularly blamed for bringing her into trouble, were eventually of great use to Mrs. Hemmings; and by degrees Henrietta, with sincere thankfulness observed, that her desire of pleasure was tamed, her love of exhibition, and of course her temptation to extravagance died away, and her affections were drawn towards her own family to supply the place of other connections. She found company in books, and supplied the place of conversation in affectionate correspondence with her sons, for whom she had also a pleasure in contriving little presents; and the visits of Henrietta, as her greatest treat, were watched for with impatience, and received with pleasure and kindness.

Winter passed, spring returned, summer reigned; but still was Henrietta closely tied to the suffering invalid; but beneath their genial influence a certain portion of health revisited her own worn-out frame, and its roses bloomed in her



cheek ; but there were no roses for her heart : there were no letters from Hanway.

Still, bugging the idea that she was beloved, she now adopted the belief that the sickness of which he had complained proved fatal, and that his silence was that of the grave. Ever awake to the delusions of fancy, whose magic power can exalt delight to rapture, but fail not to depress doubt to misery, she would frequently steal the hour formerly devoted to her mother to wander on the seashore, and indulge in the melancholy dreams imagination presented of her lover. Sometimes she saw him parched by fever, worn down by pain, stretched on the bed of death. At others, she beheld him on the field wounded and expiring, with no kind hand to staunch his flowing blood, no pitying friend to catch his dying accents and convey his last commands to her. But never could she allow the idea to take possession of

her heart that he was false to her love, or that his character was, so far vitiated as to render it her duty to expel him from her heart: she conceived that his errors had arisen from generosity and credulity, which had led to embarrassment and error.

The autumn advanced, and again the medical friends of Mrs. Stewartson spoke of a voyage to the Madeiras, from which the mind of the patient shrunk, while that of her companion felt a melancholy satisfaction in the idea of traversing that wide world of waters over which Hanway had passed before her; and even when the rain drizzled, and the clouds scudded wildly fast, foretelling tempest, she would wrap herself in a large mantle and slouch bonnet, and take her accustomed ramble, where, unseen and uninterrupted, she could "meditate even to madness."

One evening she had stolen from Mrs. Stewartson's room, in the hour of twi-

light, (which was that of repose to her suffering friend,) and, without making Mrs. Hemmings her first object, went directly to the sea-shore. The vast expanse was now calm, and a boat was seen making its way for England, whither her thoughts pursued it. She contrasted her present situation with that of her gay visit to Bath at this season of the year, and observed to herself, "that different as the circumstances of her situation were, yet Hanway was the master-spring of all her feelings under both : for him she had sighed even in the midst of joy, for him she could smile in sorrow." "And *him*," said she, clasping her hands on her bosom, "*him*, I must see no more."

The sound of her own voice startled her ; she looked up, and to her great confusion saw three men advancing to the place where she was standing. She was only a little distance from her mother's house, and thither she hastened,

since although her path brought her close to the men, she would soon be beyond their observation:

One of these persons was ~~wrapped~~ in a thick roquelaire, his head enveloped in a large hat, and his face further hidden by the handkerchiefs round his mouth and throat; and he appeared so weak that he leaned upon his servant and a sailor. "Poor creature," thought Henrietta, "he is come, like Mrs. Stewartson, to try the effects of this climate; and I fear, like her, he will find its inefficacy." The current of her thoughts were interrupted by the servant's enquiring of her the road to Mrs. Hemmings's house.

Surprised by the question, Henrietta answered in a hurried voice, that she was going there. That voice was instantly recognized by the invalid, who exclaimed:

"Oh, heavens! that is Henrietta!"

Henrietta, trembling in every nerve,

gazed on the speaker; his jaundiced face, his sunken features, his bending frame were new to her; but his eyes, his voice, his ardent gaze, could alone be Hanway's. Welcome expired on her lip: to see, and yet to see him thus, was an emotion too much for her to support; and before he could clasp her to his breast, she had sunk, fainting, on the sands.

CHAP. V.

Oh ! if thou be the same Egean, speak,  
And speak again unto the same Emilia.

SHAKESPEARE.

HENRIETTA was brought to herself by the motion of the men who carried her between them, but scarcely could she believe the circumstance which had occurred, until she found herself in the house of her mother, who overwhelmed Hanway with welcomes, and catching the sound of "Colonel" from his servant, addressed him as such, and predicted roundly, that he would soon recover his health, and forget all his past sufferings.

He appeared too ill and too much affected to reply, his servant desired that he might be laid on the sofa; he then.

administered some drops to him and retired; after which the stillness of the apartment gave Henrietta time to breathe from her surprise, and even to rejoice in the return of Hanway, and in the direction of his first steps to her, which she thought, decidedly proved that his heart had never wandered from her.

At length Hanway spoke, but evidently under great agitation, "I am returned to you, Henrietta, under strange circumstances, considering that I come from the East Indies. I am poor, friendless, sick, perhaps dying; *will* you, *can* you receive me?"

Henrietta answered by a flood of tears, and by pressing the hand she had taken, fondly between her own.

"I am a wretch to distress you thus, but I thought you would have pity on me: I saw your uncle for a few minutes by chance, in Portsmouth, and learnt from him your present situation, your past sufferings, your unparalleled con-

stancy, and I could not forbear setting out to you immediately. Oh ! if I should recover, if I should be enabled to prove to you how dear"——

He paused, unable to continue, unable to express the fulness of love and gratitude, which swelled in his bosom ; but there was no need of words, she felt all he would have spoken, she besought him to be composed, promised to dispose her mother in his favour, and prophesied that all would be well.

Mrs. Hemmings, "on hospitable thoughts intent," had already held a consultation with his servants, had endeavoured to secure him comfortable lodgings in the adjoining house, had contrived a thousand good things by which he might be benefited, and had probably given a few hopes to her future introduction to the world through his means ; at all events she was glad to see him, and happy to assist him, ~~for~~ did she relax in her kindness, when informed by her



daughter, that he had returned in poverty, and on bad terms with Lady Isabellä.

Whatever might pass in the mind of the mother, the lovers spoke not, thought not of the future; but alas ! so much was Hanway become the victim of that bilious affection so common in the East Indies, that the language of sentiment, the sense of confidence and reconciliation, were soon suspended by real sufferings, and his fond Henrietta was called upon literally to become his nurse ; and in a short time found herself completely divided between two patients, each of whom required all the contrivance, forbearance, anxiety, and actual fatigue attendant on such awful and exhausting duties.

The return of Colonel Hanway was (in despite of her sympathy and attachment to Henrietta) a serious trouble to Mrs. Stewartson, who saw at once that she could not hope to draw her dear companion to the Madeira, nor of gaining more than a portion of that time which

had heretofore been devoted so exclusively to her. She had the magnanimity not to wound the heart of her young friend by any direct complaints on this head; but, poor woman, the demands she made on Henrietta's patience during the time she spent with her, were greater than they had ever been before; for every complaint and trouble were treasured up till the evening, or rather night, as Henrietta now slept, in the little bed formerly occupied by Mrs. Stewartson's maid, for the purpose of making up, as far as possible, for the hours which she passed at her mother's with Hanway.

During these hours, not only were all her thoughts, but her actions devoted to Hanway; she administered his medicines, prepared his viands, and taxed all the powers of her memory and imagination, for his amusement. Happy was she, when the literary novelty she had brought from her friend, contributed to his pleasure, or the jellies, wine, or other re-

storatives from the same source, met his approbation; but 'she could not help perceiving that he was altered' in mind, as well as constitution, and that his temper was grievously impaired. Even to her, he was frequently querulous and captious, and to his servant so haughty and irascible, that notwithstanding the kindest interference of Mrs. Hemmings, the man soon left him, and it was difficult to supply his place by any person to be procured in their situation. He was become so much of an epicure, that there appeared little doubt, but that the luxurious habits of the East had done him much more injury than its climate, and although he was certain of suffering severely if he did not observe a prescribed regimen yet he never failed to indulge his appetite when a favourite dish was provided, and to be ill-humoured and aggrieved if it were omitted. Henrietta could not doubt, but with returning health, he would be tempted to resume a

line of conduct that would ensure the return of sickness, and although the slightest word of apology for his errors, instantly restored the equanimity of her feelings, and the tenderness of her heart. yet she was well aware, that a life spent in error and repentance on one side, and endurance of injury and forgiveness of it on the other, were little likely to ensure happiness to either. Small, indeed, was her chance for happiness, with a capricious and mutable being, who, although he appeared to love her to distraction, yet never considered her circumstances in matters of expense, the fatigue to which he subjected her, the demands made upon her spirits, or those of her mother, whose kindness to him rendered her doubly dear in her daughter's eyes, and who accepted favours from both, as if he were conferring honours.

As, however, the attentions he received, the regularity of the life he led, and the wholesomeness of the food which Henri-

etta at length attained the power of subjecting him to, really succeeded in giving him the promise of renewed existence: with returning health he began to display those powers, and resume those manners, which had won her affections, and Henrietta, sensible of the happy change, redoubled her efforts to render it permanent, by leading him to add that which is essential in principle, to that which appears amiable in disposition. Never is the heart of woman so deeply and fervently engaged in seeking blessings from heaven, as when the petition is for reformation for the man to whom she has devoted her future life; and she felt for Hanway all the solicitude which the most devoted wife could experience for the most beloved husband. Blending the grave and gay in her conversation, she alternately amused and employed his mind; and as the rigours of winter were now past, and the re appearance of vegetation awakened attention to the subject;

she sought to lead him through "nature, up to nature's God," and teach his heart the language of gratitude for restored strength, and returning health.

One of the best endowments of the female character, is the power of giving interest to the common incidents and occupations of life, and enabling the hour of listless languor, or tedious disease, to pass by unmarked. This faculty Henrietta had cultivated successfully in her long attendance upon Mrs. Stewartson, and now called for by the man she loved, no wonder that she exerted it to the utmost. Reading his wants in his eyes, his wishes in their remotest associations, she was alternately silent or full of prattle, now obedient as his slave, now playfully his commander. She read, she sung, she listened, smiled or wept, as his feelings called for amusement, consolation, or sympathy. She became to him another self, in which he could enjoy a new species of existence, when the former

wearied him; and even her long absences, though they sometimes offended him, increased the pleasure afforded by her return.

During this period, Lady Isabella, though naturally anxious, held herself aloof; for she was well aware, that her first concessions would be followed by a demand upon her purse, for she found that he was still in debt; but, true to her resolution of affording him every chance of welfare, she took care to liquidate every demand that was ever likely to meet his uncle's ear, and to keep a total silence on the real situation of her own limited intercourse with him; and at length, partly in fear of their difference being suspected by the uncle, and partly to satisfy the longings of the mother in her own heart, she set out, with one confidential servant, to see him, and be herself the judge of his real situation.

It was a fine day, in the middle of March, when Lady Isabella's post-chaise

was observed to be approaching the row, which now seldom saw a vehicle of this description. Hanway, with the help of a stick, was slowly perambulating the little garden in front of the house, and continuing to chat with Mrs. Hemmings through the open window, while Henrietta was herself preparing him a basin of broth, which she placed on the table, as Lady Isabella (being directed thither) entered the parlour.

Tender tears, kind forgivings, and mutual congratulations, took place. Lady Isabella was shocked at the ravages still visible in his person, one minute; the next, thankful that he was so much amended. She was interrupted by the arrival of his medical attendant, to whom she expressed her thanks; but the gentleman replied (as he had often previously asserted to Hanway), that he owed his life solely to the care and kindness of the ladies present, whose united skill and



attention had produced in him a species of resurrection.

"Yes," observed Hanway, "Henrietta has *talents* for nursing; but she is above all praise. Let me, however, now enquire after my sisters, particularly Emily."

Lady Isabella informed him, that this young lady was on the point of forming a splendid connection, and delicately hinted, that, for *her* sake, it would be advisable to postpone his own marriage a little time. Hanway agreed to this; he listened, with delight, to the description she gave of his sister's expected establishment, and of various scenes of greatness and gaiety, in which they had moved during the winter; observing, from time to time, how different *his* situation had been, alluding often to the little lodgings in which he had been cooped, and what he chose to call "the meagre comforts of his board." Mrs. Hemmings was evi-

dently mortified and hurt, whilst her daughter, from her mother's pain, felt indignation arise in her bosom, which evidently flushed her pale cheek and absorbed the tears which had filled her eyes; she could not forget all that had been done and suffered for him, since he had entered virtually, though not nominally, the abode of her mother, without either money or friends; and she well knew with what difficulty she had been enabled to procure him the many comforts, and even luxuries, he had enjoyed in his despised situation.

Lady Isabella's good sense and proper feeling led her to make all possible reparation to the wounded feelings of both mother and daughter; and, as they were willing to be reconciled, and Hanway was himself adroit in the language of contrition, their hearts were soon at ease on this point: but it was impossible not to perceive that the conversations he held with his mother, inspired a kind of gene-

ral discontent with all around him, and a restless desire to revisit the metropolis. Early in the evening, at her accustomed hour, Henrietta returned home, and Lady Isabella, on learning that she never broke into this rule, and that a game at chess with Mrs. Hemmings generally finished her son's evening, observed that Henrietta acted with great propriety in paying such attention to her friend; but added, in rather a sorrowful tone, "Yet I think I have been told that the jointure of Mrs. Stewartson goes to her husband's nephew?"

"So I have always understood," said Mrs. Hemmings. "Yet, it strikes me, that she had a handsome legacy left her some years ago?" said Lady Isabella.

"I never heard any thing about it; but it may be the case, for the expenses attending her illness have been so enormous, that even her handsome income would not, I should think, discharge them. So it is very well if she has some

other means of doing it, for she is a very exact, honourable woman, and has always spent her money very handsomely. Indeed she has no relation to save for."

Lady Isabella and her son exchanged looks, which seemed to say, "What a fool the woman is!" but, as Mrs. Hemmings did not see them, she was not hurt by them; and, despite of her cares and mortifications, she was pleased to have Lady Isabella for her guest. . . .

The stay of the titled visitant was but short: she departed on the third day; and, perhaps, had never been equally regretted by her hitherto thankless son, who fervently wished that he had been able to accompany her. On his repeating this desire to his doctor, Mrs. Hemmings ventured to say, that he could not of course leave the Isle of Wight till after his marriage with her daughter; to which he immediately assented, saying, "that it was time the poor girl was removed somewhere;" but this assent was

not graciously given, as it regarded either Henrietta or her suffering friend, 'from whom, during the whole winter, he had been receiving daily acts of kindness and essential assistance.

The little vexations and occasional alarms of Mrs. Hemmings on this head were suddenly cut short in April, by the arrival of an express from Lady Isabella, to inform her son, that his uncle had died suddenly, and that his presence in London was necessary as soon as possible: she believed the will would be found in her son's favour, but that nothing could be known with certainty until he appeared.

Hanway, throwing down the letter which he had read aloud, clasped Henrietta in his arms, and exclaiming, "How different an absence is this from my last!" seemed to anticipate the joy of a speedy return, and the power of making her not only a happy but a splendid bride. Orders were instantly given to ex-

pedite his journey; and the alacrity of his movements proved how much strength he had really gained, while the fineness of the season promised further benefit from his journey.

Mrs. Hemmings remarked this; adding, "You will return to us perfectly well, I have no doubt."

"But be careful Edward, when you are in London," said Henrietta; "remember the past."

"I *will* remember it, my dear girl, but only to give a zest to the future; to paint you as the angel of Mercy, supporting me in the hour of sorrow."

"And a very good face she would have for it," said Mrs. Hemmings, "if she were in perfect health. Just before I was married I sat for Mercy, in Collins's ode, to the great mortification of Charlotte Cunningham, who was a kind of rival beauty, and, indeed, a very handsome girl, but no more fit for Mercy than I am for a Pope."

“Do, dear Edward, finish your soup : the chaise will not be here these ten minutes.”

Hanway obeyed, and Mrs. Hemmings, though heard only by herself, continued speaking.

“Ahe! what one lives to see! Charlotte took offence at me in the first place, because the painter preferred me, and that increased to perfect malice when I made so great a match, as poor dear Mr. Hemmings was considered to be; but since then, she has been up in the world, and I have been down in it, God knows; but there is no saying what circle I may move in yet; my poor Henrietta is a portionless, but an accomplished girl, and would grace a court.”

Now she was heard. “Your Henrietta, mine, let me say, is an angel, and the first potentate on earth might be proud of her hand.”

As Hanway spoke these words, the tears sprang to his eyes, his whole frame

trembled with emotion, and in that emotion his tender Henrietta felt every fear for the future vanish, every past offence forgiven, and, with equal fondness and modesty she parted from him with the assurance, "that every hour would seem an age till she beheld him again."

The chaise was at the door, but Hanway impatient as he had been, seemed now inclined to linger: he felt at this moment that Mrs. Hemmings was dear to him as well as her idolized daughter, and that his obligations to her kindness were very great: he strove to touch on this, but overpowered by his feelings, pressed her hand, sprung into the carriage, which conveyed him to Ryde, and was out of sight in a moment.

When the first emotions were subsided, and when Mrs. Hemmings had endeavoured to point out the happiness that (at last, as she believed,) awaited her daughter, in the recovered health and improved circumstances of her beloved



Hanway, Henrietta endeavoured to accept the probable comfort her improved prospects held out to her. Yet dear as Hanway was still to her heart, certain as she felt of his love for her, still there was a weight on her spirits which she could not remove; a strong innate conviction that she could not be happy with him, kept perpetually whispering the hated truth to her mind. Many facts to which the mind is blinded at eighteen, are felt acutely at five-and-twenty, when our family affections are fixed by the habit of loving, and of united interest, common sympathies, and increased gratitude, or esteem. From these dear and cherished ties, Henrietta now felt as if she were about to be torn; for she could not conceal from herself, that whenever she was received into the family of Hanway, so far from being considered as a daughter and sister, she would be barely endured as an intruder; and that beyond her mother, she would rarely, if ever, be-

hold any part of her family received with pleasure, or treated with respect. Her eldest brother, the 'worthy image of a father ever dearly beloved,' and tenderly regretted; her dear William, the pride of her heart, the delight of her eyes; her excellent uncle, who for so many years had supported them all, renouncing for their sakes, in pursuance of his promise to their father, the dearest wishes of his breast, her upright, generous uncle; all would be received with coldness, perhaps treated with contempt, which, conscious of not meriting, they could not brook, and of course they would be lost to her for ever. Dear Amelia, too, from whom she had received so many acts of friendship, to whom she wished so ardently to prove her gratitude, must be abandoned: ah, how many sacrifices must she make, and how would she be repaid?

In a few days these melancholy thoughts were agreeably interrupted by a letter from Hanway, informing her of his safe

arrival in the metropolis: it was hasty, but full of kindness, and promised her another on the morrow, but several mornings passed without a successor. At length another came, in answer to hers, but still shorter than the last, observing, "that he was pressed to death with business, to which, as she well knew, his health was inadequate;" and adding in the postscript only, that intelligence which she naturally expected. He said that his uncle had left him his sole executor: he believed he had died worth about fifty thousand pounds, but he had left his sisters each ten thousand, which was a most disproportionate division in his opinion; he must, however, submit to it, and the payment of these legacies were among his first cares, which were many.

"But surely such cares may be got over," said Henrietta, with a sigh, as she thought on the slender state of her finances, and recollected how long they

were parted, how much they had suffered for want of a portion of that money which was now received so coldly and ungratefully, and a little of which would have been so welcome to her.

It appeared, however, that in her ignorance of business, she had under-rated the Colonel's engagements, for a few hurried lines, about a week after the last, were all she received from him, although she wrote repeatedly in the most anxious manner, under the persuasion that the multiplicity of his engagements had brought on a return of his sickness. Day after day, and week after week, passed by, and still no letter was received, nor any intelligence gained of him, although Lady Isabella had been addressed also on the subject.

The perpetual anxiety under which she suffered preyed upon her health, though she compelled herself to exert all her wonted attention to poor Mrs. Stewartson, who now growing sensibly

weaker, wished to return home, as she was annoyed by the increase of company the advancing summer introduced; and after various plans, at length fixed upon taking a house for the season in a village in Devonshire, near the coast. Henrietta wished to be nearer Hanway, and therefore eagerly forwarded the plan, in which it was agreed that Mrs. Hemmings should make one of the party, a circumstance of great moment to Henrietta, as she saw too clearly that the lingering disease she had so long endeavoured to mitigate, had nearly completed its awful work, and she had now the satisfaction of feeling in her mother, the steady and sympathising friend, her anxious heart in such a time of trial needed so much.

Whilst this mournful party seek their new abode, we will retrace the steps of him who was the object of so much solicitude to the constant heart of Henrietta.

CHAP. IV.

To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,  
Beheld her beautiful and young !  
Lives there a record which hath told,  
That she was wedded, widow'd, old ?

MONTGOMERY.

As Colonel Hanway advanced in his journey to London, his spirits rose; he became conscious of that renovation of strength, which gives life and hope, and which, in comparison with that state under which he suffered on his arrival from India, might be termed health; he considered himself endowed with life, and fortune to enjoy that life, at the same eventful period.

Arrived at his mother's house in town, and met by the sisters of whom he was proud, and their new and valuable connections; congratulated on every side

upon his return, and soon put in possession of those facts relative to his uncle's will, which were necessary for his full enjoyment; his mind expanded to every kind of gratification. In the charming bustle of taking possession, and examining property, together with receiving old friends and acquiring new ones, he almost forgot those whom he had left behind, and in banishing all memory of past sufferings, banished her also who had sustained him under them.

• It is true she often returned, and her benignant features assumed the mien of reproach; her gentle accents were exchanged for indignant tones and heart-rending accusations; on which he scrawled a few words of apology as we have already seen, and then sought to lose the stings of memory, in the business or amusement which solicited his attention.

Lady Isabella was surprised at his silence respecting Henrietta, and in her heart condemned it: she did not exactly

like the connection, but she most sincerely approved the woman, and considered it her son's duty to marry her, as soon as he had paid due respect to his uncle's memory, and officiated at the marriage of his sister, as her bridal father. She perceived, also, that notwithstanding his flow of spirits gave him the appearance of health, yet he was, and probably always would be, a delicate, ailing man, and she was convinced no other woman would ever nurse him with the skill and tenderness of Henrietta; she therefore considered it sound policy as well as honesty to marry her. But even while Lady Isabella reasoned thus, yet the "world still prevailed;" and the conviction that he might in the ordinary phrase "do better," rendered her quiescent as to his proceedings, consoling her conscience by a resolution, that she would never say a word in opposition to his marriage with Henrietta, "which was surely as much



as any of the parties could expect from her."

Rjches frequently create a love of riches, which did not previously exist in the mind, when the want of them was actually felt. After looking into his concerns, and appropriating the respective legacies left by an uncle whose favour had been solely secured by his absence, and the wise deportment of his mother, Colonel Hauway found himself in the possession of upwards of thirty thousand pounds. He became avaricious, as he contemplated this sum; and although he knew that his mother's jointure would be exclusively his, and that he had already greatly curtailed his sister's portions, he yet exceedingly grudged them the legacy left by his uncle. This sensation rose still higher in his mind, when he learnt that he had an opportunity of purchasing an estate in Staffordshire, contiguous to that from which his noble

“

ancestors sprung, for the sum of forty thousand pounds.

Lady Isabella arranged this matter to his satisfaction: the estate was purchased, and a mortgage accepted by Emily's bridegroom, who now claimed her hand.

On this occasion, parties and festivities commenced, in which Hanway necessarily became a person of much importance: he was precisely in that situation as to his health, which renders a handsome, elegant man, peculiarly interesting and attractive to the other sex. All who have feeling, and all who pretend to it, are, under such circumstances, authorized in paying attentions to the invalid, which would be otherwise unwarrantable. His looks may be watched, his actions prescribed; he may dance when he pleases, sit down and languish when he pleases; it is charming to console him, and amiable to pity him.

Hanway, as a soldier, an invalid, and it

might be added, an enriched one, experienced this kind of flattery so largely, that forgetting entirely the difference between attentions given for an hour in the hope of conquest, or the love of exhibition, and those long-continued, long-suffering kindnesses shown him by Henrietta, he began to consider such attentions as matter of course, and look round on the gay crowd which surrounded him as alike devoted to his wishes. Yet he was frequently obliged to see that the young and gay often fled with precipitation to the merry dance, or cheerful coterie, when approached by a younger and gayer man; and one evening, when he had been entertaining a beauty of sixteen with an account of a sea-storm, she was suddenly drawn to the sprightly dance by a more congenial companion; and the chagrin he felt from her conduct was so evident as to excite the attention of a Major Clifford, who observed,

“Do you think Miss Carlisse a sensible girl, as well as a pretty one?”

“By no means; she is a mere child, I mean in her *manner*.”

“And when you and I speak of her, Colonel, we may add, in her age too. When a man touches on thirty, and feels forty, he must not deem himself calculated for the idol of sixteen, and at that age, lovers are either idols or nothing: the blindness of their worship is, however, a poor compliment to the shrine where they bend.”

Hanway readily assented to the truth of this observation.

“There is a period,” continued the Major, “when the eye asks for more than the heart, but a time comes to every man, when the understanding and the feelings claim their share of attention in the choice of an object to love. The man is very happy, whose mind approves that which his taste has selected.”

Major Clifford knew nothing of Henrietta, and was therefore not aware of the image he had conjured up in the mind of Hanway; but observing that he made no reply, and looked around with an air of languid annoyance, he concluded that he felt unwell, and therefore added, "Would you like to join my sister and her friend, and let us form a sober rubber; if, indeed, any rubber can be *sober*, when Mrs. Espinar is of the party."

"Who is Mrs. Espinar?"

"A charming young widow, admired by every body, known to every body: see, she is advancing with my sister."

"She is, indeed, handsome, but not very young, I think."

"Umph! not very, certainly; but she is a fine woman, and has that about her which will never grow old; wit and sensibility are ever-greens."

They now approached the ladies, and the attention Major Clifford paid the fair widow, induced Hanway to believe that

he was her admirer; he likewise suspected, that he wished to render *him* a lover of his sister's, who was a pretty little woman, about eight-and-twenty, though she did not look so much from being of a diminutive form, with light hair and a brilliant complexion. Hanway determined to pique the Major, and thwart his double designs; he, therefore, neglected Miss Clifford, and paid the most marked attention to Mrs. Espinar.

This lady was precisely a well-made up woman, whose character, like her complexion, was formed for the demands of the day; her features were fine, her form majestic, her manners suasive, polished, apparently ingenuous, and distinguished by that ease which is only gained in good company. Many persons in the course of the evening congratulated themselves on seeing her again: it appeared that she had been absent, and that absence was esteemed a loss in the fashionable world:

The attentions of a woman like this were worth having, (for the appetites of vanity are insatiate,) and her attentions were given with that happy mixture of freedom and self-respect, which enhance the value of petty favours. Hanway became really much pleased with her, and on perceiving that she had allowed him to distance the Major in her good graces, internally observed, "that her understanding was equal to her person, and that she was certainly the finest woman he had seen since —"

Since when? said Memory and Conscience at the same moment.

Hanway suddenly rose from the card-table where he had been some time chatting: a deep sigh burst from his bosom: he took a turn or two in the room; when, meeting his sister, he enquired "if she knew a Mrs. Espinar?"

"Oh, certainly! every body knows her,"

"Is she a woman of fortune!"

“ I fancy she has a very handsome fortune, for she lives in very good style, and her house is really a fairy palace : I never heard, indeed, what her jointure was, but I know for a fact, that her husband left her ten thousand pounds at her own disposal.”

“ How I wish Henrietta had ten thousand pounds !” ejaculated Hanway, “ it would pay off that cursed mortgage, and give her importance in the eyes of the world : when I first knew her, she had every reason to expect it.”

As Hanway appeared silent, while he was thus cogitating, the bride continued to speak : “ It is not Mrs. Espinar’s fortune that renders her so fashionable, but her person, manners, connection ; and that kind of importance some people gain, one does not know how ; she has it, however, and I scarcely know one woman whose society is so much courted. She very obligingly invited me, just now, to a



little party in honour of my new name, to which I hope you will go."

"That I shall, certainly."

"But if you see my mother in the interim, do not say any thing of it, because she does not like her; and as you are at present my visitant, there is no occasion for her to be vexed, by knowing any of our contraband movements, you know."

"But why does Lady Isabella dislike her?"

"Because she thinks she will marry again, I believe. You know our dear, excellent mamma is a little particular; and as she, though a young and handsome widow, did not enter the holy estate a second time, she thinks nobody else should do it, I believe."

"But my mother had a family, Mrs. Espinar has none, of course the case is totally dissimilar: by the way, had Mrs. Espinar no family, or hopes of any?"

"Oh yes! she told me a very moving

story, about a little boy that she was to have had, but I forget particulars."

Hanway seemed to think profoundly, and his sister was surprized that he allowed a new acquaintance to occupy his mind so much; in a short time they visited the fair widow, who contrived in a small, but elegant house; to receive a well-selected party, in a stile of almost eastern splendor. Her whole entertainment was conducted with that propriety, luxury, and elegance, which leaves nothing to be wished for, and the attentions of many men of fashion and rank, proved that they were desirous of a permanent residence in this "pleasant home," with such a fascinating companion. But the marked, though delicate attentions of Mrs. Espinar to Colonel Hanway prevented any other person from a near approach on the present occasion.

One engagement leads to another, and from being the favoured visitant amongst many, he soon became admit-

ted to a brief fast *tête-à-tête*. His contrivances to elude his mother's notice gave occupation to his mind, and the belief that he excited envy a zest to his engagements which induced him to repeat them; and while thus employed Henrietta's letters were unanswered, her love and constancy forgotten, and her virtues and charms alike neglected; and when too proud and delicate to remonstrate or entreat, she tried the effect of silence, that silence was welcome: it was the removal of a goad which wounded, but could not guide.

Yet there were times, when his heart was torn by the idea of her sufferings, and these times never failed to induce the return of those bilious attacks to which he continued subject: as soon as he quitted his chamber, he flew to the widow, who ever pitied and consoled him, while she claimed his happier moments as her due; so that alike in sorrow, or joy, she became his resource; and

without being beloved, yet she was so far admired as to gain an ascendancy over him in her personal attractions, whilst the apparently unintentional display she made of her fortune, inflamed his desire of accumulation, quickened his passion for luxury, and rendered his sense of simple pleasure and moral rectitude alike obtuse.

Major Clifford soon forbore all contest for a woman, whom to his sister he pronounced a finished coquette, who was only inveigling Hanway to make a fool of him; but Miss Clifford differed from her brother in that conclusion, and gave a sigh to the future fate of a man, whom she wisely resolved to think of no more.

## CHAP. VIII.

Had I never lov'd so dearly,  
 Lov'd so long and so sincerely,  
 Never met, or never parted,  
 I had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS.

THE sands of life were now running low with Mrs. Stewartson, and every day threatened to be the last. Anxious and unhappy as Henrietta was, and reduced by long solicitude and weeping in secret almost to a shadow, she yet tenderly watched her friend, and never left her room except at the breakfast hour, when she enjoyed the society of her mother, Mrs. Hemmings, alarmed and afflicted by her appearance, used every means of diverting her mind from

that subject of unceasing interest and sorrowful anxiety, which she was well aware occupied it too much; and, for this purpose would frequently read the daily papers to her as the means of affording them a subject of conversation independent of that too constant theme.

One morning as Henrietta rose from the table, Mrs. Hemmings unfolding the Morning Post, read thus.

“The marriage of a certain Eastern  
 “hero, with a certain widow of high ton,  
 “as announced in our list of weddings,  
 “is said to have been conducted with  
 “equal secrecy and celerity; and, considering  
 “the age of the parties may be  
 “treated in the phrase of the day, as  
 “*a very young trick.*”

Henrietta moved towards the door.

“Just stop, and let us see who are on the wedding list, my dear; I am always curious about widows.”

Henrietta had not the slightest curio-

sity, but, she stood still to oblige her mother, who again read.

“ At St. George’s Church, Hanover-square, yesterday morning, Lieutenant Colonel Hanway, of — Regiment, to Mrs. — ”

“ Good God! what is the meaning of this? Oh! my child, ’tis false! all false!”

The paper dropped from the hands of the mother, who sunk back fainting in her chair, and proved by her distress that she could not believe that which she asserted. Her agitation gave a momentary courage to her daughter, who supported her, gave her water, rubbed her temples with vinegar, and at length restored her. But when she looked up and beheld Henrietta, the deep woe painted on her countenance, the bitter despair, the cruel disappointment settled in every feature, affected her to very agony, and she wept over her, with all the sorrow of a mother.

Henrietta wept also, but her tears fell slowly and relieved not the full heart which swelled almost to bursting. Fearful and wretched as she had long been, yet the cloud that now burst, infinitely exceeded all that she had imagined of dreadful; it was a stroke, poignant as lightning, and terrible as death.

Whilst Henrietta thus stood pale and stupified by excess of feeling, Mrs. Stewartson's maid just opened the door, to say that her mistress was awake, and had enquired for Miss Hemmings.

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Hemmings; "this will hasten her end—so dearly as she loves you, she will never get over it."

The words "dearly loves," touched a new chord in poor Henrietta's heart; she burst into a sudden convulsive fit of weeping, and her overcharged bosom found relief even in the transports of unbounded grief, which rent it; at last she sunk exhausted, with just strength



to say "conceal this affair my dear mother, go to Mrs. Stewartson, and leave me for a single hour."

The mother struggling with her feelings, made the effort she desired, whilst her daughter, prostrate before the mercy-seat of God, in broken whispers, and that "groaning of the heart which cannot be uttered," besought help from him who alone could sustain her. She arose sorrowful, but sensible of comfort, and persuaded that she should have strength given her from above, to perform the remainder of those awful duties which she had imposed upon herself.

In the course of the morning, Henrietta was again smoothing the pillow of death, again reading the promises of the Gospel, and presenting the draught to that parched lip which opened only to bless her.

In the course of this eventful day, that nephew of Mrs. Stewartson's late husband, who was the heir of her settle-

ment, arrived. He was a man of large fortune and strict probity, and had ever lived on terms of the utmost amity with his expiring friend; he had been married a few months before, and a journey into Scotland, to visit the friends of his bride had been the sole cause of delaying his visit to one he esteemed sincerely.

Ill as she was, Mrs. Stewartson received him with pleasure, and enquired kindly after his new connections; she likewise exerted herself to inform him of the unparalleled attention she had received from Henrietta, to whom he expressed himself most grateful. These exertions, as might be expected, exhausted the patient, and after this interview she was only enabled to see Mr. Stewartson once more, to place in his hands her keys and valuable papers. In two days after his arrival, she breathed her last, in the arms of Henrietta, full of peace and hope, which were not interrupted by the sorrows of that generous girl, who had not

suffered one word to escape, which might disturb the repose of her departing friend.

But when that friend was indeed gone, when the silence of death pervaded the chamber, and the feeble voice, the beseeching eye, no longer entreated compassion, or demanded fortitude — when a terrible leisure was given in which she might, “meditate to madness,” then indeed Henrietta felt, hour after hour, new trains of sorrow rise in every form which could prove fatal to her repose.

Well did she remember, that when she first permitted the soft voice of love to soothe her heart, she was then, as now, a mourner over the bed of death, and she was well aware, that although many circumstances appeared in the manners and disposition of Hanway at this time uncongenial with her own feelings, yet had he been present, had he been kind in this day of trial, every trouble would be forgot, and every fault forgiven.

But he had cast her from him, he had spurned her love, and made her very constancy a crime — the world was a vast blank before her, her soul was desolate, her heart was widowed, and yet the very comfort of a widow was denied her; for the world forbade her tears. For her there was no solace but contempt, no comforter but indignation; and from that her gentle and subdued spirit hardly allowed itself a momentary respite. While she condemned the conduct, she yet pitied the error of Hanway; she felt as if a terrible avenger of her wrongs would one day arise in his own bosom, and she could not endure to contemplate his sufferings in his punishment.

The day following that on which Mrs. Stewartson breathed her last, Mr. Hilton arrived at her house, and enquired for Henrietta. The violent agitation in which he entered, proved to her that he was acquainted with Hanway's conduct, and

felt towards him all the anger it was so likely to inspire ; never had she beheld him so moved before. Clasp<sup>ing</sup> her in his arms, he burst into tears, and was many minutes before he could utter either the invectives, or the consolations, with which his affectionate heart abounded.

At length he spoke, and accused Hanway of the blackest treachery, the most contemptible fickleness, that ever man had been guilty of, recapitulating all she had done and suffered for him, and especially dwelling on her refusal of his inestimable friend, whom he pronounced, “ a pearl worth all *his* tribe ;” and he concluded by saying, “ that he had been up to London to ascertain the truth of the report, and had flown from thence to Devonshire, for the purpose of securing Hanway’s letters, and whatever else might serve as a witness against him, since he was determined to spend the last shilling he had, in exposing his conduct, and com-

elling him to do her the little justice which was in his power, to yield."

Henrietta became pale as ashes, and trembled in every nerve.

"It is not revenge," he continued, "it is, I repeat it, justice which impels me to this conduct. What! shall I prosecute to banishment or death, the needy wretch who steals my property, and suffer the insidious thief who robs my child of affection, happiness, reputation, and perhaps life, to escape untouched? Shall the demon who blasts the opening blossoms of existence, destroys the happiness of maturer days, extinguishes that confidence in his fellow-creatures which is the great consoler of life, and rends asunder the strongest ties of social existence, to exult in the diabolical perfection of his work? Oh! no! no! it is impossible."

"You are perfectly right, Sir," said Mr. Stewartson "and most willingly will I go hand in hand, with you, in so good a cause; and I hope when Miss Hemmings

has given the matter due consideration, she will enter exactly into your views."

"Had she seen her brothers, Sir, the distress, the intolerable anguish and burning indignation they have suffered, she would have a better idea, perhaps, of her own value to us all; it was with the utmost difficulty that my most enforced commands, and the tears and entreaties of William united, could prevent Alfred from instantly demanding satisfaction at the risk of his life. Oh! what a sight! to see one brother kneeling as a minister of heaven, to avert the purpose of another, even while his own heart was overflowing with kindred feelings; are such hearts as these to be thus torn & thus wounded? and ——"

Mr. Hilton could not proceed, and Mrs. Hemmings wept, less in sorrow than admiration of her noble boys; but Henrietta seemed froze to marble.

"In fact," said Mr. Hilton, "your character, Henrietta, demands that such conduct should be investigated."

A faint blush rose on the pallid cheek of Henrietta, she raised her sunken head, and said with a firm air, "My conduct has been irreproachable; I never have passed one moment with Hanway, which an assembled world might not have witnessed. I have loved him, it is true, oh! most fondly loved him, but——"

She suddenly stopped; a blended feeling of modesty, sorrow, and indignation, at being obliged to assert her innocence, overcame her. Mr. Hilton's heart was wrung to its inmost core, never had he doubted the strict propriety of her conduct, he well knew that his sister, when most a woman of the world, was yet irreproachable in her manners, and spotless both in the spirit and letter of her conduct; but he wished to use any argument, which could stimulate Henrietta to prosecute the man who had injured her. The more amiable she appeared in his eye, the more did he execrate the conduct of Hanway; and the fragility of



her frame; the paleness of her transparent skin, awakening in him fears for her life, rendered his indignation more permanent, and his resolution more determinate.

But in vain he entreated, argued, commanded; Henrietta could not bring herself to commence an action against the man she had so long loved, and whom, even in his offending moments, she had tutored her heart to forgive and obey, as her future husband. She had added the habit to the principle of conforming to him, and to injure, to expose, to distress *him*, was a violation of every long cherished sentiment towards him and herself; she considered it an unkindness in one case no received injustice could excuse, and in the other, as unfeminine, and foreign to her character.

Henrietta was yielding in her temper, but firm in her mind, and when the consideration of another day had produced no change in her opinion, Mr. Hilton,

weary of contending the point, and more convinced than ever that he was right, parted from her in great anger, and thus added to the severity of that grief which already bowed her to the earth. Mr. Stewartson perfectly agreed with all he said, and Mrs. Hemmings, though she refused to urge Henrietta on the subject, confessed that her opinions perfectly coincided with those of the gentlemen; and as she had suffered more on this subject than any other part of her family, there was something in the kindness of her silence, which Henrietta felt to be inexpressibly affecting, and which came nearer than any other argument to dissuade her from her resolution.

The house in which Mrs. Stewartson died, was situated at the end of a small village; a little brook ran at the bottom of the garden, and passing thence through a meadow, nearly compassed the village which consisted principally of the houses of husbandmen. Whenever Hen-

rietta went but for a little air, she generally pursued the course of this rivulet, and sought to lose the memory of her troubles in listening to its murmurs, as it rippled over its pebbly bed, or watching its meandering course.

Late in the evening, after her uncle was gone, the moon permitting her to use this melancholy indulgence, Henrietta stole out to wander by this stream and meditate in the fulness of sorrow, on the extreme wretchedness of her present situation.

~~Her way~~ was lost to her for ever; her mother was even now arranging the funeral of that excellent friend for whom she had exerted a daughter's cares, and felt a daughter's interest, and who, had she lived, would have shielded her from the storm she had so lately encountered, and protected her by her consequence, while she supported her by her fortune; this friend was gone, her patronage and her benevolence alike had ceased. Her

uncle too was gone ; he had left her in anger, which she had never experienced from him before ; she had no friend but him, for her mother had ever leaned for help upon her, and she had now no home. In recollecting her poverty, she was again thrown back upon him, for whom, in the ensuing winter, she had freely exhausted her little store, for whom she could have worked, have begged, have starved ; it was too much to endure, she sat down upon the ground and wept in very agony.

As the moon was clouded, and there was no pathway near the stream, Henrietta not fearing to be seen, had thus abandoned herself to an excess of sorrow which the multiplied griefs which pressed upon her, seemed to excuse, when she was roused from that state of exhaustion, which succeeds all transports of violent grief, by groanings which seemed to arise at no great distance. She listened, and thought they proceeded

from some female as afflicted as herself; and as she caught now and then words of lamentation the voice she thought was not unknown to her; she rose, and going up to the pathway, saw a female sitting upon the stile which separated the meadow from the village.

Neither sorrow nor want could obliterate the sense of humanity for a moment in the breast of Henrietta. She approached the woman, who was looking towards the village, and who, on hearing her voice, startled, and turning, said, "Ah, Miss! be it ye?" and in speaking, Henrietta recognised a poor woman who had occasionally assisted the servants of Mrs. Stewartson.

"You appear in distress, Margaret, what is the matter?"

"Matter, oh! dear! there be matter enough; I dare not to face my husband, God he knows, I dare not."

"Have you got a bad husband,

then?" said Henrietta, with an instinctive shudder.

"Bad! oh! noa, noa, nivver was a better born, till he were disabled wit' rummatics; but yez, Miss, how can I go to tell him he ha lost his only son."

"How, lost? I remember your son taking home your basket for you, within a little time."

"Aye, that he did, he wer ever the best o' boys, but he ha gone an lized this very moorning, just to get bounty money for'z feather and I; and sea you zee a neighbour comed in to incense uz about it; so off I sets and I ha walked thirteen long miles, but what's that — 'tis nothing at all."

"But did you see William?"

"O yez, Miss, I seed un poor soul, and I toold him over an over, hiz feather an I wad go to the workhouse a thousan times rather than he should leave his country, soa his heart melted

and he wer, willing to give it up; but dear heart, I could'nt pay his smart money, and to-morrow morning he'll be marched off to the justices at Truro, and swoarn in, and then it will be all over; he'll go for ever."

The poor woman sobbed aloud, and overwhelmed with anguish, fatigue, and fasting, would have fallen if Henrietta had not supported her; often did she declare "she could never see her husband, never enter her cottage again."

In a short time a voice was heard to cry aloud, as if hallooing for an answer, ~~and~~ the unhappy woman, in renewed grief, cast herself on the bosom of her supporter, crying, "Oh! Miss, that be him, that be my poor husband, speak to him, will 'ee, for I cannot, noa that I cannot."

A man walking by the aid of a crutch and a stick, approached them, and perceiving only Henrietta, he pulled off his hat as well as he was able, say-

ing "I beg pardon, I wer' just looking out for my wife, and —"

Margaret now sobbed aloud, the husband saw her, and judging that her errand had been unsuccessful, became so agitated as to be scarcely able to move, but in despite of his infirmity he came up to her, and took hold of her, saying in a faltering voice:

"Aye, aye, I zee how it be, or thee wouldz'nt make so free wi Miss — turn thee, my love to me, do 'ee, just speak to me, do 'ee my love."

"I cannot speak, William, 'tiz no use speaking, to-morrow moorning he mun goa."

"What 'is smart money? what sum is it?"

"Six-and-twenty shillings, Miss. I borrowed all I could, Miss, before I zet off, but that were only four-and-sixpence; here it is in my box — dear heart, we be in debt now-a-days, an it was for



to pay ovr debts that ever he lized, an soa we cannot borrow soa much."

"I ha brought it all on thee," said the man with a sigh that "seemed to sever his heart.

"Nivver goa to zay that, William, nivver do."

Henrietta at this moment was counting the contents of her purse, which contained half-a-guinea and some silver, it amounted to nineteen shillings — "take this," said she eagerly "perhaps it will do."

"Do, oh yes! yes!" cried the man eagerly; but his wife, overwhelmed by the sudden reverse, sunk fainting on the grass.

Henrietta, by the aid of the salts which she had so long carried about for the use of her late friend, succeeded in restoring her, and she then insisted that she would get something to eat and return immediately to the place from

whence she came, saying, "you' zee, William, the moon zhines heavenly bright to show me my road."

"Zoa it doe; and by God's blessing I will hobble wi thee, but I will goa hoame first for zome thing to eat, thou shalt not move without it."

"Stop a moment," said Henrietta, and hastening back to the house she borrowed a few shillings of the first servant she saw, and procured a loaf and a bottle of strong beer, which she carried to them in the meadow, which in a short time so refreshed them, that they appeared to have inhaled life itself and all that renders it valuable at her hands. Wishing them good night and success, she told Margaret it would be a great satisfaction to her, to see her in the same place on the morrow night with her son; which the now happy mother joyfully promised, adding, "Oh, Miss! sweett'll be your sleep thiz blessed night, for you

found me the moast miserablest creature in thiz wide world, an you sendz me away wi a heart az light as a feather."

Henrietta returned with a load taken from her own. "No human beings" said she to herself, "can be completely wretched; who have it in their power to assist their fellow-creatures; I thought myself deserted by God, as well as man, when I came out, yet He has permitted me to be His instrument of good to those poor people; He has not forsaken me, and I will endeavour not to abandon myself to useless sorrow; my mother has a right to my exertions."

Although this recollection reminded Henrietta, that she had given away much more than prudence permitted, yet as she could not for a single moment repent she had done so, even that thought only led her to think on the way in which she could replace it, and with such contrivances, and various schemes

for farther benefitting poor Margaret, she fell into the sweetest sleep she had enjoyed for many months.

The following morning, the remains of Mrs. Stewartson were, according to her own request, interred in the nearest parish church. After attending her funeral obsequies with great respect, Mr. Stewartson opened her will, which he read in the presence of her servants, friends, and medical attendants. To the first, she bequeathed legacies according to their different services: to her nephew, she left her plate, carriage and horses, and her jewellery to his lady. All the rest of her disposable property, consisting of an excellent house and garden in W—— and about thirteen thousand pounds in the funds and elsewhere, she gave entirely and without reserve to Henrietta Hemmings.

On hearing her own name thus combined, Henrietta was overwhelmed with astonishment; that her friend should

leave her <sup>some</sup> testimony of kindness, as her books, or clothes, it was natural to expect, but she was utterly ignorant that she possessed any property beyond her jointure, and she knew, from her own observation, that for the last two years, Mrs. Stewartson had spent more than it produced. It had been a source of great comfort to the deceased, that Henrietta was ignorant of her affairs, and had shown her so much love for her own sake; and of this circumstance Mr. Stewartson was aware, and he therefore was not surprised at the effect this unexpected fortune produced upon her.

The warm tears, the congratulating kiss of her mother, restored the bewildered faculties of Henrietta, and she received the polite and cordial good wishes of Mr. Stewartson with pleasure. This gentleman coming himself into the possession of a handsome income, many years before he could expect it, and never supposing Mrs. Stewartson would leave

nically, he gazed on the lady as one whom he had never seen before, and one whom at this moment he would rather not call mother.

Lady Isabella, on the death of her husband, was an acknowledged beauty; on retiring into the country as a widowed mother, she adopted the dress suitable for her situation, and when no longer a mourner, continued to practise for her children's sakes, a system of economy which forbade her to follow the changes of fashion. On re-appearing in the world on the marriage of her eldest daughter, the style of dress appeared to her sensible and uninitiated eye, so ridiculously to confound all distinctions of age, as well as to compromise all pretensions to modesty, that she became a keen satirist, both upon the youthful grandmothers, and thin robed misses of her circle; and although she ever preserved an air of elegance, and even of superior taste in her habiliments, she was obliged for the

sake of consistency, to persevere in her own style of matronly dress, and it had never occurred to Hanway before, to see his mother without a cap and a handkerchief.

She was now splendidly yet youthfully dressed, and for the first time in her life condescended to wear rouge, which her excellent complexion, preserved by the regularity of her life, rendered particularly becoming.

Bursting thus on the company with all the attraction of elegance and novelty, she made her way to the bride, whom she accosted with that peculiar mixture of stateliness and ease, which a well-bred woman of rank displays in distinction from her who is but the ephemera of the day.

Mrs. Hanway had seen her ladyship before, and had always shrunk a little from the investigating expression of her eye, but she never had seen her thus, and she felt severely the practical irony

of Lady Isabella's personal appearance, and in confusion complained of the heat of the room, and desired the window might be opened.

"I cannot bear the evening air," said the Colonel, as her request was complied with.

"Nor I," said a young lady, withdrawing from its vicinity.

"Oh, fie," said Lady Isabella to the latter, "if *you* shrink, how are people at *our* time of life to bear it? Pray, Mrs. Hanway, be careful, it will not do for *us* to bleach in the northern blast."

"Confusion twice confounded" fell on the bride, and Hanway bit his lips with vexation; her ladyship could not see her son's distress, without feeling that she had over-rated her own powers; and to the great relief of Mrs. Hanway, she hurried away, overpowered by feelings she could no longer repress. After she was gone, the admiration she excited, the comments she induced, went far



beyond even her severest intention, they rendered her son dissatisfied and suspicious, his wife anxious and dispirited, yet not without a sense of concealed and malignant exultation.

Colonel Hanway recollected that he had made various efforts for discovering the age of his fair enslaver, but without success; yet apparently without any design of concealment, "she believed she was as old as himself, but being in good health, had an advantage over him; she was married when a mere child to Mr. Espinar, who for ten years had made her the most indulgent of husbands, and had taken care to perpetuate her comforts; her grief on losing him had brought premature marks of time in her face, she believed; but yet there were younger women than herself, who looked a good deal older."

This was true; and all she said was uttered with such an unpremeditated air, as left no inclination to investigate further,

especially as Hanway knew that she was only entering the fifth year of her widowhood; but the appearance of his mother, and the titter of certain young ladies with whom he had lately flirted; induced him to believe that his fair widow was not quite a child even on her first marriage. The recollection of Mrs. Hemmings, when he first saw her, came over him, but he banished the thoughts of her, for Henrietta was in their train; the Colonel endeavoured to remember only that his lady had ten thousand pounds, and would probably double his income.

It was an awkward thing for a man to speak of money matters so very soon, and it was not Mrs. Hanway's way to forestall his wants, as the more prudent Henrietta had done; but yet a fortnight after their marriage, when they had fixed on the day for going into Staffordshire, the Colonel began to think that he should like to disencumber his estate before he sat down upon it, and he had made up his

mind to speak to his lady on the subject, when he was told by his valet, that there were three people down stairs, who had bolstered up one another, till they had all sworn they would not leave the house till they had seen him,

“ *Seen me*, what the devil would they see in me ?”

“ Why, Sir, I beg pardon, Sir, but your journey into the country have got wind, Sir, and so they’ve made up their minds to be paid afore my lady leaves the town, that’s all, Sir.”

“ Oh ! Mrs. Hanway’s trades-people, I suppose ; I will speak to her about them.”

At that moment Mrs. Hanway entered, closely followed by a fat, pursy, consequential looking man. On seeing him actually enter the room, she again suddenly left it, and was heard to shut her dressing-room door with the violence of either anger or fear. A terrible storm rose instantly to the Colonel’s brow, and he was on the point of sounding a hasty

retreat to the invading enemy, when these words arrested his ears.

"Yes, madam, you may shut the door, but I'm not to be bamboozled out of my vits, never no more, and if I had'nt a bin down with my vife at a vatering place, you shuddent a taken in this here gentleman nather, bein as I hopes, an honest man, seein he sarves his Majesty King George."

"What is all this about?" said the Colonel, in a voice struggling between anger and fear.

"Vy, Sir, your lady, that is, Mrs. Espinar that was, have served me vat I call a shameful trick. I lent her three thousand pounds, Sir, vich is vat I calls a round sum a money, an took me no little earning. She wanted it to buy this house vith, an said, if I liked, she'd give me security upon premises; I was easy as to that, for I knaed as how poor Sam Espinar left her a good ten thousand in the funds, and I'd no notion in

life, as how she'd sett off running the rig she did. So you-see, Sir, I lends her the money just on her bond, and took no more interest of her than four per cent. for old regard to her husband, which is what I call genteel, and not what you meet with every day."

"Go on, if you please," said the Colonel haughtily.

"Don't be in a hurry, Sir, I takes it the end will come quite soon enough; vell, vat does she do but goes and mortgages both house and furniture to the last farthin; then she begins to sell out of the funds, till every hundred was gone; then she takes to —

"Gone!" cried Hanway, stamping with fury, "Gone! do you say; damnation!"

"Yes, Sir, gone every thousand without securing one for me; but as I was a saying, then she begins to raise little matters on her jointure, as fifty pounds, eighty pounds, and so on."

"Hold!" as you seem acquainted with every thing — what is her jointure?"

“ Two hundred per annum.”

“ Two — *two*, did you say, impossible !”

“ ’Tis true pon honour, nevertheless — vy law ! Sir, ve used to think it vas very genteel ; for you see, Sir, in giving her that my old friend Espinar doubled her fortune, and then he left her lots of good old plate, and loads of furniture, and plenty of vine to last her life, so that ater she’d a bought this house, she’d a good six or seven hundred a-year to maintain it, and vith no vine to buy, nor no rent to pay, vy that’s a pretty thing for a viddef, to my thinking ; it ben’t riches, but it be comfort, an a pretty deal more than ever she was bred and born to.”

Colonel Hanway threw himself on the sofa with a deep groan, and his unwelcome visitor at the same moment drawing up his coat laps, carefully set down on an opposite chair, and continued.

“ But ven she gets here, off she sets,”

makes one room into a servatory, another into a sally manzy, goes to give petty supplings first, then builds out a kind of a barn-end, as ~~she~~ wore, an makes a ball, and dizens herself out like a painted doll: the very first time as ever I called for my interest, I said to my vife, says I, vy there's Mrs. Espinar all stuck out like a vicious voman, but she said to me, says she, 'take my vord, my dear, 'tis for nothin in the vorld, but to get a husband.' "

Hanway started from the sofa, sprung on his feet, with such a terrible dilation of form and expression of countenance, that the speaker was instantly silenced, but his silence was as much the effect of pity as fear, for it was evident that the internal sufferings of Hanway were violent.

What he seemed about to utter is unknown, for his servant entering, said, the three persons below became impatient to see the Colonel, and said they

had as good a right to come up as Mr. Holmes.

"That's 'false," cried the person alluded to, "for my case goes before their's; I ha got a bond and judgment, and that I'll let 'em know. Howsomedever poor things they can't afford to be out a their money; harkee, my lad, ben't them there persons the grocer and the butcher."

"Yes—and the confectioner."

"Vell now, you ben't use to these matters, so ater all's said and done, Colonel, if you'll just give me your vord and honour to settle vith me as soon as you can, I'll wenture as far as another five hundred will go, to settle these people. I ben't a hard man, not I, but I hates all sorts of cheating; it had a bin the best day for you, as ever you see, if you'd a known Jonathan Holmes three months ago."

The Colonel drew out from a splen-



did ink<sup>st</sup> and a piece of paper, on which to write a memorandum of this money transaction, but he could not hold the pen; his late persecutor was really afflicted.

“Never mind, never mind, Colonel, I could trust your mother’s son for twice as much; I know my lady very well, as she’s a rational woman a quality.”

So saying, Mr. Holmes bustled down stairs, and the moment the Colonel heard that he was closetted with his creditors below, he flew out of the house almost resolving that no power on earth should induce him to enter it again. A few minutes convinced him, that this conduct would lacerate the wound under which he already writhed; to expose his suffering, would double all its tortures; doubtless many were now laughing at him, and then *all* would laugh. Cursing his own credulity, retracing with astonishment the steps by which he had blinded first and then ensnared himself, he pushed forward with hasty

strides, without any object in view save that which tormented him.

“ Well met,” said Major Clifford as he turned into Piccadilly, “ you are the very person I last heard named by a friend in the Albany.”

“ *Named!* Major Clifford, how named?”

“ I have no difficulty in saying *how*, nor have you any reason for angry enquiry; he spoke of you as the lover of a most amiable girl, who has just now come into possession of an unexpected fortune, bequeathed by a Mrs. Stewartson, and (not knowing you were married) observed that you were singularly fortunate.”

Hanway clapped his hand to his forehead, and said, “ the weather was infernally hot.”

“ Her name is Hem—— Hemmings, I think, he said; she has got a house in W——, some fifteen thousand pounds in

the funds, and I know not how much beside, and she, — but heaven's, Colonel! you are ill, I will call a coach."

Hanway suffered himself to be put into the coach and taken home by the Major, whose attentions to him were so truly brotherly, that bitterly as his pride was mortified, he was compelled so far to confide in him as to acquaint him with the circumstances which had come to light as to his wife's circumstances. During this recital, the pride of manhood, and the fear of exciting contempt, gave way before the overwhelming sense of shame and repentance which oppressed him. Scalding tears rolled down his livid cheek, deep and bitter groans burst from his agonized bosom, and Clifford to whom he had really been an object of envy an hour before, beheld him with the sincerest pity.

The consequence of this violent emotion was a severe attack of his bilious complaints which confined him some

weeks to his room, and was increased by the memory of his former nurse. During that period Major Clifford, at his own request, undertook to examine the state of his affairs, or rather those of his lady; and found, not only that his original informer had been correct, but that Mrs. Espinar was in debt at the time of her marriage, to every tradesman who would give her credit. A short time before Hanway's appearance in town, she had been so pressed by some of them, as to be compelled to make a sudden exit, and for two or three months had lived in obscure lodgings in the very village to which poor Mrs. Stewartson was removed; from whence, on her arrival there, she precipitately returned to town, was presented to Hanway, as we have seen, and succeeded in giving him that place, which she had a few months before intended for Clifford, who really admired her exceedingly.

During the worst part of his illness, Colonel Hanway resolutely forbade the presence of his wife ; but by the mediation of the Major, and from the necessity of going fully into her affairs, he was at length prevailed upon to admit her presence ; and on her admission, it was proposed to read over her marriage settlement for some purpose connected with pecuniary arrangements.

Major Clifford, glad to substitute any employment for the dead silence with which the late ardent couple now met, began to read, but he had only got through the first line, when he was interrupted by Hanway's repeating after him, " ' Samuel Espíner on the one part, and Charlotte Cunningham on the other ; ' where have I heard that name ? "

The glow on Mrs. Hanway's cheek was visible through her rouge, and for a moment she trembled ; the Major continued. " . . . "

“ And said Charlotte Cunningham of the parish of Wheatley, in county of Salop, aforesaid.”

“ I have it *now*,” cried Hanway, “ yes, I recollect it *all*, Charlotte Cunningham, the rival beauty to Henrietta Hilton, mother of ——— oh! fool! fool!”

As Hanway spoke, he darted a look of petrifying rage and disgust upon his wife, who struggled to overcome the terror she yet evidently felt, and by a look of triumphant malevolence to parry his, and in a minute she became enabled to say:

“ True, I was once *her* rival, and I have been successfully that of her daughter; and I have thus punished her for stepping before me, in the affections of the man I then truly loved.”

Major Clifford laid down the paper in his hand, and thought his angel was become a demon.

“ You may look upon me, Major

Clifford, with as much surprise as you please, but it would be quite as just, if you examined the conduct of Colonel Hanway ; his black ingratitude, his cruel deceit, his unmanly fickleness, his cold-hearted selfishness, avarice, and ambition, surely merit equal reproach with any sins of mine ; I believe firmly, that my errors will never be named without drawing this observation, “ he has deserved it all.”

So saying, Mrs. Hanway, with an air of recovered dignity, left the room ; and her husband, mid groans of rage and bursts of anguish, acknowledged that she had spoken the truth ; and Major Clifford felt that pity for his sufferings could not protect his character from disgust and reprobation.

Weak, mortified, shrinking from the world he had so lately courted, Hanway now sought only for obscurity, and was even glad to abjure his fastidious dislike to vulgarity, in order to obtain

from Mr. Holmes that money which was still necessary to liquidate his wife's debts, which was effected by another mortgage, and the sale of his effects in London. They then hastened into the country (which was the aversion of Mrs. Hanway), and the Colonel endeavoured again to replenish his exhausted strength, by pure air and habits of tranquillity. Day after day, he was compelled to contrast the life he led, with that which he might have led, with the companion of his early choice ; the charms of opening nature never struck his eye, without reminding him of her whose imagination would have invested them in new charms, whose feeling heart would have rendered them the medium of endearing sentiment.

For a long time, a tormenting curiosity respecting Henrietta, preyed upon his mind, and though he dreaded the subject, he at length determined on making enquiry : he learnt that she was sick,



and travelling for her health, with little hopes of amendment. The information fell like an ice-bolt upon his heart, and from that time he never could permit her name to pass his lips, although her image, pale, speechless, and dying, was continually before him.

After enduring life in this situation, for nearly three years, in which his health gained some stability, and his happiness made no progress, he became desirous of returning to the duties of his profession, as the only means of relieving the melancholy *ennui* which oppressed him; and for this purpose, he resolved on going once more to London. He was encouraged to come by Lady Isabella, who observed; "that he might do it with safety; for in the last three winters, so many different follies had been exhibited, that his were entirely forgotten."

The joyful bustle this occasioned to Mrs. Hanway, made her negligent of a cold which she had caught in visiting

a distant family, and by the time she got to London, she was seriously ill. From this circumstance, the Colonel was more at liberty to spend his time with his mother, whose high respectability was a shield which guarded him from the interrogations of curiosity, and the remarks of contempt. One morning, having various calls to make in Manchester-square, the uncommon beauty of the morning tempted them to alight from their carriage, and walk round to the houses which they meant to visit. They were accompanied by a lively young friend of Lady Isabella's, who soon by her gestures directed their attention to a lady of most graceful figure, standing in a balcony just before them, and by whose side stood a child, between one and two years old, beautiful as a fabled Love, and which immediately attracted the eyes of Hanway; for every child he beheld, was an object of envy to him.

A gentleman on horseback was speak-

ing to the lady, who turned from our party to attend to him, and who earnestly entreated her to accompany him, on account of the fineness of the weather.

"No! not even you can tempt me to ride on horseback," she replied, "but I will order the carriage, and then I can take Frederic with me."

"What a handsome man — what an elegant woman," cried the young lady, "and they seem so happy, who are they, I wonder?"

"They are a Mr. and Mrs. Campseille," said Lady Isabella, "they are indeed happy, and deserve to be so."

"'Tis Henrietta — yes! yes! 'tis her indeed," cried Hanway, as the mother turning to her child, her form, in undiminished grace and recovered beauty, burst upon his view.

"Yes," said Lady Isabella, with a sigh, "'tis Henrietta, and you see she retains her *talents* for nursing."

Hanway sprung forward, and jumped into the carriage, forgetful of every thing but the violent throbbing of his own heart; the happy couple followed him with their eyes, and recognized him. They were aware that his agitation produced his flight, and they alike bestowed upon him a look of pity; whatever had been his errors, they had led to their union, and it was one so truly blest, that seen thus remotely, every object which had contributed to it awoke their gratitude.

“Thank you, my dear Mrs. Denbigh, for your story,” said Letitia, “I hope it has done me a great deal of good, I don’t believe I shall ever think of being constant again.”

“What a strange idea,” said Rose de Grey, “surely every body ought to be constant to a worthy object? I have found nothing in the story, which inculcates the justifiableness of change.”

“Nor I,” said Mary, “but a great

deal to prove, that fickle<sup>a</sup>ness is a most hateful vice.”

“For my part,” said young Denbigh, “I think it is a most use<sup>b</sup>ful lesson to all young people, that when they have made up their minds as to the real worth of the object of their choice ; that is, I mean if people love one another, and friends are willing, and — and matters suitable, what I mean is, the *sooner* they are married, the better ; now pray, Miss Selwyn, don’t you think so ?”

“Why, I don’t exactly know what to say, but I believe if all things were situated as you say, it would be the best.”

“I am decidedly of that opinion,” said George Selwyn.

“It appears,” said Mr. Selwyn smiling, “that inconstancy has no advocate but you, Letty, who unluckily have no lover on whom you can practise it ; as however, we cannot muster an argument, in this case, and we all appear to have forgotten that poor Henrietta had many trials be-

sides those of her ill-placed love, we will request your mother to begin her story.”

“I hope, dear mother,” said one of the boys, “that you will not have such a wretch as that Colonel was, in your story. It quite hurts me that I should happen to have the same name with him.”

“Yet I should like to know what became of him,” said the other, “and especially, whether his wife died, as the story left her ill.”

“She did not die, my dear, but Hanway himself fell in the Peninsula,” said Mrs. Denbigh.

“There let him rest,” said George, “I hope he saved a better man; I was going to make some strong comments on his conduct, but as his grave is closed, I will not re-open it, but be all attention to my mother’s story.”

“Yet that which I am going to give you, will not prove the wisdom of early marriages, George; but I will neither

condemn, nor advocate your doctrine and Mr. Denhigh's; and have only to observe, that as Letitia says, every story must have a name, mine may be called Orlando and Seraphina."

"Dear Mama! what fine romantic names, I never should have thought *you* would have chosen such."

"Yet mine, Letitia, is the 'Romance of Real Life,' though amongst people with whom you have not been accustomed to mix; but I confess the names do sound very fine; so we will change the title of my story to the following designation."

THE POET'S SON,  
AND  
THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

---

CHAP. I.

This heard the father, and with some alarm,  
"The boy," said he, "will neither trade, nor farm,  
He for both law and physic is unfit,  
Wit he may have, but cannot live on wit,  
Let him his talents then to learning give,  
Where verse is honoured, and where poets live.

CRABBE.

"OH! father, what a dismal place London  
is, there is nothing to be seen but black  
walls and chimneys; if I put my head  
ever so far out of the windows, I cannot  
behold a bit of the sky, and I can but  
just see to read, though it is not four  
o'clock."



These words were addressed by a youth of sixteen, to his father, Mr. Weston, as they sat by the window of their lodgings in Dean-street, which were situated backward. The father laid down his pen and looked sorrowfully in his son's face, without speaking.

Mrs. Weston, who was sitting by the fire, observed to her son, "it is, indeed, very different from Weston Green; I always told you it was, yet you know, my dear, you were very impatient to come to London."

"Very true, Ma'ma, I wanted to see the places and people I had read about, and I had no idea of being cooped up in this kind of prison; I knew, indeed, that I should not have the coppice to wander in, nor the meadows to ramble over. I did not expect larks, nor prim-roses; but then I thought I might muse for hours in Westminster Abbey, and "hold high converse with the mighty dead;" I expected to see the monument,

which would remind me of Trajan's pillar; and Whitehall, where poor King Charles was beheaded; and the East India House, where a company of merchants form the republic that govern a mighty empire; then I wished to see the statue of Howard the philanthropist, and St. Paul's church, and the British Museum, which is a world of wonders, and the Foundling Hospital, and the Bank of London, and the theatres: ah! those, above all, I wanted to see, where Shakspeare may be seen as well as read."

"My dear boy, how you do run on," said the mother.

"And then I thought I should see very clever men, and great generals and poets, and statesmen, and painters, and travellers, and ——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Weston, putting up his finger.

Orlando was silent, and listened with delighted attention to a sweet Italian air, sung by a female voice in an ad-

joining room, accompanied by some kind of musical instrument which was new to them, and which they apprehended to be a lute or theorbo. After the song, they had the pleasure of hearing a duet, in which the deep, sonorous voice of a man, aided the powers of the young female with so much ability, that it struck Mr. Weston that their fellow-lodgers were probably professional; and he congratulated himself on the circumstance, saying, "that music (especially the Italian) affected him with such pleasure, that it appeared to renovate his existence."

"You are very fond of the Italian poets, I know," said his son, "because you gave me my name after your favourite hero, I think, father."

"I did so, my dear, and at that period was so anxious to spend some time in Italy, as the land which seized upon my youthful fancy, and awakened more enthusiasm than ever London did with

you; that if it had not been for your mother's insuperable objection to the sea, some of the first years of our married life would doubtless have been spent there."

"I wish they had; then I might have been born a Roman, father!"

"In which case," said Mr. Weston, with a smile, "you would not have been born a Briton, which is so frequently an object of boasting with you, and a very proper one."

"Very true, father, but how glad should I be to dwell in the 'golden shell,' the 'eternal city;' the land of heroes; the nurse of art; to walk through fields where Virgil once walked; to stand within the very walls where Horace sung; to kneel where Petrarch knelt; and to gaze every day on domes conceived by Angelo, and pictures painted by Raphael; to think of standing in the forum! of climbing up the Tarpeian rock! or

feeling one's-self in the capitol — Oh, father! father!”

Oriando ceased, but his eye still spoke, and as he shook back the full clustering curls that fell over his forehead, it darted a beam of such intelligence, such a volume of ideas, the growth of treasured knowledge, poetic perception, and lofty impulse, that it was no wonder the fond father gazed on him a moment with an admiring eye; but in another that eye fell, some bitter remembrance came over the heart, and he took up the pen he had laid down; but before he could begin to write again, the maid of the house came in, to lay the cloth for dinner.

“You have other lodgers;” said Mr. Weston (willing to exchange his thoughts for any other).

“O! yes, Sir, this be a very large house, and Mr. Barnard haves the most of it; the large drawing-room be his painting-room, and the back drawing-room, as is

divided from this, be their sitting room. Missis said, as how, she was feared they'd disturb you; but bating that Miss makes a noise with her thingumbob, they'll be very good neighbours, for never was better people brake bread."

"I remember reading an account in the Herald, some months ago," said Mr. Weston to his wife, "of an artist of that name, who had encountered great difficulties in returning from Italy after a long residence there; I think he came home with his wife, or daughter, who was ill."

"It was Miss, Sir; but she be come about finely since then, and ven she goes out in a vite wail an' all that, looks quite like a voman, though she ben't foteen till her birth day comes round."

"What servants do they keep?" said Mrs. Weston.

"Only a bit of a foot-boy, ma'am, just to wait of master, and get his brushes ready; but laws, ma'am, they ben't a bit

a trouble to us; they do all in themselves as it were, you von't newer be troubled with hearing their bell go ting, ting, in your hears."

This hint was not quite lost on poor Mrs. Weston, who till within the present week had been used to more servants than her husband's situation warranted, and who, although indulgent to a fault, had yet frequently ting, tinged, when it would have been a most desirable thing that she should have laid down the cap she was sprigging, or the worn-out handkerchief she was darning, and have stepped into the kitchen or the dairy, where her presence would have recalled the inhabitants to their avocations, and enforced the duties they neglected.

While she is helping her husband and son to the beef-steak, which is positively raw in the inside, though burnt till it is perfectly black on the outside; and which the delicate stomach of the former rejects, and even the appetite of the latter cannot bear; we will enquire into the

circumstances, which have introduced a family who never left the country before, into a situation in which they have at present but little prospect of enjoying that happiness, their domestic affections and gentle manners appear to merit.

The father of Mr. Weston inhabited a house called Weston Green, situated in one of those fertile valleys of Derbyshire, where Nature appears to make herself amends for her sterility on lofty mountains, and extensive moors, by pouring abundance on the lap of isolated dales. He lived many years a bachelor, but it appeared to be more from chance than any objection to society, as he kept an hospitable table, and lived as his fathers had done before him for many centuries; neither improving his estate by his wisdom, nor scattering it by his profusion. He had one brother to whom he had ever been kind and liberal, and who, agreeable to the general fate of the younger brothers of old, rather than rich



families, was settled in business as a flourishing ironmonger in M——; and like himself, this brother remained single, and to the grief of the eldest, there was every probability of the family name expiring with the present possessors.

In his fifty-second year, Mr. Weston was induced to make two important speculations for wealth and happiness; he ventured a sum of money in exploring a mine for lead ore, in a mountain contiguous to his estate, and he married the daughter of the gentleman who joined him in the mining concern; from that time, the even tenor of his days was no more, for the anxieties, the hopes and fears, belonging to his new concern harassed his mind and injured his health. He became the father of one child only, who survived the diseases of infancy; but in this one his heart was wrapt, and for him he was induced to send one sum of money after another, in the hope of regaining what was lost, until his estate

was reduced to one-third of its original value ; and as the father of his wife was also his partner, he had no means of insuring to his idolized Charles, any atonement for the sacrifices he had so unfortunately made.

Mr. Weston was the more desirous of restoring his child to his primitive possessions, because from early life, the boy, though amiable, gentle, affectionate, and of decided talents, ever showed an aversion to business of every description. Books were his idols, rather than his amusement, and it was with difficulty that his mother could tear him from them, and compel him to take necessary exercise ; but when he had once resigned the beloved poet, or natural philosopher, to wander in his native woodlands, it was not less difficult to calculate on his return ; every thing above and around him awoke his imagination, inspired his adoration of heaven, and his love of earth ; he climbed the steepest rocks, that he might gaze

unchecked on the wide horizon, and pour the unpremeditated effusions of his soul before his great Créator unheard of man, or he would explore the most bewildering cavern, to trace one new object of research in the worlds of mineralogy. Every bud of spring, every blossom of summer was hailed by him with the welcome of a friend, and all animated nature beheld by him, with the feelings of a brother; he would traverse the most rugged wild to rescue one lamb from the thicket; he would challenge the hardest rustic, who dared to seek a bird's nest; but when the ebullition of generous compassion, or honest indignation had subsided, he pursued his solitary musing, as if living within a world of his own, whose attractions he could not communicate, but whose charms had wedded him for life, and for whose sake he was easy as to the wealth his father had lost, or that, which, in various ways he sought, as manhood advanced, to engage *him* in recovering.

In his fourteenth year, Charles had the misfortune to lose his mother, and from that time his father, who was more than twenty years her senior, seemed to sink also. Conscious of his situation, he resolutely withdrew from the *ignis fatuus* which had beguiled him and many others, in an unsuccessful search; and, disgusted at the very name of a lead mine, forbade his son, even in his will, from ever pursuing it. He also sold some part of his estate, in order to redeem that which was involved, and brought his affairs into the least possible compass; and seeing his son was inclined only to literary pursuits, by giving him the best instruction the country afforded, and agreeing that he should go to the University at a proper time, saying, "that his estate would yet make out a pretty income for a clergyman, and still keep a gentleman in the family," he settled every thing for the best. But, alas! before this time came, Mr. Weston died, and his son was consigned to

the care of his brother, a man who had long considered wealth as the great desideratum of existence, and under that persuasion, thought the sole business of his nephew's life, ought to be an endeavour to regain that which his brother had lost.

"Don't fret, young man," said he, "I have long had my eye on a plan for you; there is a house in Foster-lane, Cheapside, that will take you for a moderate sum, because I have paid many a round thousand into their hands, and when you are out of your time, will give you a share in the concern, which we can secure by mortgaging Weston, which you will soon be enabled to redeem."

"But, Sir, I have not been educated for trade, nor can I consent to any such plan."

"Middle fiddle; I tell you, you will make a fine fortune by the middle of life, and return to Weston, and plant a new family there, that shall outshine the old. Won't that tempt you? If it won't, I

don't believe there's a drop of my brother's blood in your veins."

"I do love Weston, dearly; but I cannot go into business."

"Then there's my ward, Betsy Snow-drop, a pretty gentle girl, who will have five thousand pounds down, the day she's of age, which will be a round sum to bring into the concern, and when it is so turned as to produce 30 per cent. will soon turn to account; so that if you spend ——"

"But, my dear uncle, I cannot turn my mind to this."

"Hearkye, Charles, in one word, if you thrive in the world, I'll give you every shilling I have, but if you go down in it, not one farthing of my money shall you ever see; so now you've my resolution."

Unfortunately for Charles, his father, under the full persuasion that his son would be engaged at college till he was four-and-twenty, left the sole manage-

ment of his estate, until, that time, in the hands of his brother, and such was that brother's anxiety and determination to compel his nephew to accept the situation he had provided for him, that he denied him the means of prosecuting his studies. For some time they were at open warfare; but as it so happened, that Charles did fall seriously in love with his uncle's ward, he was at length induced to listen to his proposal; and he took up his abode for a short time in Fosterlane, and endeavoured to conform to the monotonous routine of duties required of him. But, alas! his habits, as well as his taste were now formed, and the transfer from measuring verses to weighing nails, from reading Homer, to writing invoices, was too violent. His heart sickened, his spirits fled, his health declined; and his master, more compassionate than his uncle, declared that the trial was made as far as the state of the victim could bear, and generously

lent him a sum of money for his support, until the period which should restore him to his father's house. . .

The breath of his own mountains, the music of his native groves, soon restored Charles ; and as his expenses were limited to books, and his conduct in every respect exemplary, so much blame fell upon the uncle, that he was induced, when Charles asked his consent to his marriage with Miss Spowdrop, to give it, and at the same time to settle them in Weston Green. The first money Charles laid his hands on, he remitted to Fosterlane, and he entered on his new situation, with a heart disposed to all its duties, and with the good-will of all who had ever been acquainted with him.

The estate of Weston Green was worth at this time about two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the fortune of Mrs. Weston had so far increased in her guardian's hands, as to produce



more than that sum. Tenderly attached to each other, alike strangers to the gaieties of life, and placed out of the reach of its ordinary temptations, had Mr. Weston let his land and lived on this income, there can be no doubt but it would have sufficed; especially as they had only one child. But, alas! he did as his father had done, he farmed his own land; and, absorbed in literary pursuits, neither possessed the knowledge, nor exhibited the activity his situation required; and in the hope of making a little more, he, year after year, made something less. Highly honourable in his intentions, strictly honest in his dealings, the tongue of slander could find nothing vulnerable in his character; but, ignorant as a child on all common affairs, and alive to every man's sorrows and wants, he was the perpetual dupe of imposition, the continual theme of pity, or of ridicule,

His wife, mild, affectionate, and well-meaning, at all times content to live below her real claims in society, to sink into obscurity, or to suffer privation, was yet one of the principal causes of the slow, but certain ruin into which he sunk. Too easy in her temper to rouse the slumbering energies of her husband, too indolent in her habits to inspect her household; she contented herself with sighing over that which she called their misfortunes, and while she denied herself a visitant, or a new gown, employed twice the number of servants she could afford, and permitted them the unrestrained indulgence of waste and riot. Thus, at the end of seventeen years, without the expenses of children, the honours of hospitality, the recollection of misfortune, or the demands of sickness, they were reduced to abandon their house and let their land for something less than one hundred per annum

more than the interest paid upon its mortgages ; of course these mortgages did not take place 'till the fortune of Mrs. Weston had by a gentie decline, sunk into the tomb of the Capulets.

" "

## CHAP. II.

On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,  
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;  
But now and then the shades of life explore .  
Tho' many a sound and sight of woe annoy,  
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

BEATTIE.

LONDON, alike the refuge of the poor and the resort of the rich, within whose ample walls prosperity seeks to revel, and adversity to hide her head, was the place to which Mr. Weston immediately directed his views ; and through the medium of his former master (with whom he had once a-year exchanged such civilities as a basket of game and a barrel of oysters, ever since the period

of his marriage) he procured the lodgings where we now find him. <sup>P</sup>

These lodgings, though by no means elegant, yet being respectable, and comprising three rooms and the attentions of the servant, were cheap, yet they involved more than Mr. Weston's whole income; and he was aware that although he had now a handsome sum of money in his pocket, arising from the sale of his farming stock, yet that it would suffice but a short time for the support of a family, whose every want must be supplied by money only, and where the enormous dearness of provisions, in comparison with that part of the country which he had left, was absolutely appalling.

Yet, here he must reside, for *here* only could he obtain the means of life he now most anxiously desired. His views were twofold; he wished to procure by purchase (as he had neither friends nor connections) some little place under go-

vernment, and he had so far subdued the timidity of his nature as to think of venturing to appear before the world as an author, and turn the fruits of his solitary hours, into that profit demanded by his wants.

Mr. Hanbury, in Foster-lane, the only person of whom he had the slightest knowledge, could neither give him advice, or assistance, in either of these points; when consulted on the first, he assured him that all the places worth having were given to the younger sons of great houses, and that the labour, which was really great, and for which he conceived Mr. Weston by no means qualified, was performed by active deputies. He warned him strongly against all advertisements which should pretend to patronage, as they were generally the tricks of swindlers, and made him promise never to engage in any plan of this kind without consulting him. "As to literary business," he was "an entire stranger, it

so happened that he had no acquaintance among publishers, but there was certainly a great deal done in that line now-a-days, but he had always understood that *poems* (of which Mr. Weston spoke) generally hung on the market."

Observing that the countenance of his country friend grew longer with every sentence he uttered, Mr. Hanbury, who was really a kind hearted man, enquired after his family, adding, "but I think you have only one boy? how old is he?"

"He has just entered his seventeenth year, he is tall and manly for his age."

"And what do you mean to do with him? he is about what *you* were, when you came to us, I take it."

"His mother," returned poor Weston, with a languid smile, "says that he is exactly such a one, and it is certain that he possesses much the same characteristics, except, that he is between two and three years younger, and

is much handsomer; he is, fond of London, too, which unfortunately you may remember *J* never was."

Mr. Hanbury rested his elbow on the table, and reclined his head on his hand for some minutes, then starting abruptly, said,

"Have you any communion with your uncle?"

"Only through the medium of my attorney; he has the greatest part of my estate in mortgage, but he never chooses to transact the business personally, being fearful, I believe, that his interest would not be regularly paid; a fear that is groundless, for I should scorn the idea of being debtor to so hard a man."

"Um—m, it is natural for you to have that feeling, but yet it is a pity for your son's sake, that you should be at variance: he is now very rich, and does a great deal in the wholesale line, and has lately taken in a respectable partner, being now getting an old man; if



your son were brought up to his business now?"

"It would certainly be most desirable, and I have little doubt but such a circumstance would be conciliatory to him; for although he has cast *me* off, yet he keeps up a distant intercourse with my wife; but I do not believe Orlando would make a better tradesman than myself."

"If you like to try, I will, for the old man's sake, take him on the same terms my father and self were willing to take you eighteen years ago; and as times are much changed since then, I think it is an offer which demands consideration."

Mr. Weston's experience (at least) furnished him with the knowledge which told him, this was a most liberal offer, and the consciousness that he had in his pocket the hundred pounds, to be advanced as an apprentice-fee, at liberty for such a purpose, led him eagerly to close with it, although he literally dreaded the idea of

mentioning it to Orlando ; and heard with the feelings of a reprieved criminal, that it would be six or seven weeks before Mr. Hanbury would have a vacancy for his son.

This circumstance accounts for the look of sorrow assumed by the father, on hearing his son exclaim against the closeness and confinement of London ; nor did the rhapsody which followed in its developement of boyish wishes, yet ardent and elegant pursuit, tend to improve his spirits. He felt as if he had condemned this interesting and most fondly cherished being to a species of martyrdom, which he had shrunk from in his own person, yet to which his providence, and even his wishes, had impelled his child.

Happy to find refuge from his own thoughts, in thus enquiring after the invisible minstrel, who had unconsciously soothed them, all our little party soon became engaged in speaking of arts and

artists; and as Mrs. Weston positively forbade poor Orlando from going to the door, unless accompanied by his father, having her whole mind filled with horrors of London, and its wicked ways, the poor boy's whole wits were naturally excited to gain the means of a peep into Mr. Barnard's painting-room; and every time the door opened, or that he could contrive an errand down stairs, he did; and hearing from time to time, Mr. Barnard call his daughter to pursue her studies, in the painting-room, and her mother recall her to finish her work in the sitting-room, furnished conversation for the mother and son, in which, at times, the father partook.

In the course of the following week, a porter delivered at the same time a box of books, which were packed, to follow Mr. Weston, and a case which contained a picture for Mr. Barnard; the son of the former, and the wife of the latter, were dispatched from each, to settle with the carrier.

"Show me your ticket," said Mrs. Barnard.

The porter complied, and she immediately put the silver required into his hands, but struck with the person and apparent age of her young neighbour, she loitered a moment on the stairs, and as she internally said, "Ah! if my Julio had lived he would have been just such a one," twinkled away a tear, from an eye as lucid as if it had never been dimmed by sorrow or by time; and in another moment cried, "How's this? you hav'nt given a ticket with the box! I don't believe the box comes to so much."

The porter in a surly tone muttered something about people's minding their own business.

"Run my dear, and fetch Mr. Barnard, or your father; and here, give me the bill."

"'Tis no use goin to make a rumpus here, I ha found the ticket; 'twas got stuck in my waistcoat."

The ticket was produced, and four shillings and sixpence saved by the discovery, to the great surprise of Orlando, who observed, as he thought unheard, "that it would almost pay for going to the play," and with a few words, but a look of most intelligent gratitude, he thanked Mrs. Barnard for her kind interference.

They walked up stairs together, and Mrs. Barnard, with a voice full of welcome, invited him into the painting-room; but the very intensity of his desire to enter prevented him from accepting the offer. He felt as if she had observed him peeping, and in a confused manner, saying something about his father, passed forward.

"We shall be very glad to see your father too, Sir," said Mrs. Barnard, "if it will be any gratification to him."

Orlando recovered himself, and in another moment found himself in the place he had just declined entering. What

a new world did it present him! the eager expression of his eye, his total forgetfulness of all forms, even the apparent annihilation of the living inhabitants, was delightful to the painter, who in examining his attitude of surprise, the fine form of his head, the beauty and animation of his features, was soon as completely abstracted in contemplating Orlando as a study, as the youth could be in surveying the new creation around him.

“That *must* be Brutus! — Oh yes! he is addressing the people after Cæsar’s death. Ah! there is Virginia, poor girl, but she *must* die?”

Orlando turned his head, as if addressing his conductress, but she had left the room, and he found himself close to another Virginia, into whose cheeks rose a glowing colour as she shrunk from his bewildered gaze; for so much had he been struck, and confused from the novelty of finding himself in a larger room than he

had ever been in before, completely covered with historic pictures, or landscapes of the higher class, that in his confusion he mistook the unmoving form before him for another picture

To relieve his daughter, Mr. Barnard now addressed him: he was a well-looking man, of about fifty, with an air of elegance and style of carriage such as Orlando had never seen before, and which his imagination would have given to one of the unbonneted knights of Spenser's *Fairie Queene*; and so touching was his courteousness to the very heart of his rural visitant, that when he observed, "how glad he should be to show his parents the pictures," Orlando unconsciously seized his hand, and bade God bless him.

The painter gave a sigh to the memory of his eldest son, as the mother had done before him: he remembered two younger darlings also, buried like him in Italy, but he looked on his daugh-

ter, who was now leaving the room, and was consoled.

It was only in the hopes of returning with his father, that Orlando could tear himself from the place; but although that father heard with delight his son's description both of the entertainment and the kindness he had met with, yet he could not so far conquer his natural shyness, and that sense of awkwardness which long seclusion and conscious poverty are so apt to create, as to accept the invitation of a man he yet desired to see, and for whose sister-art he entertained the most profound admiration; and as Mr. Barnard was himself a reserved man, and was at this time suffering a sense of discontent and wounded pride to steal over the native urbanity of his disposition, this little opening to acquaintance seemed nipped in its bud, to the great grief of poor Orlando, who most pathetically lamented his father's refusal the whole of the day.



The following evening, just as they rose from dinner, a tap was, for the first time, heard at their door, and on opening it, Orlando saw with delight the pretty round face of Mrs. Barnard, who came forward smilingly, but not obtrusively.

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Weston, but you see Ma'am, — Sir, I have made a kind of acquaintance with your son here, and so I ventured to step in to say that if it be agreeable, Mr. Barnard will be glad of his company to the play to-night."

"You are very kind, Ma'am," was uttered by all parties, but there was a pause followed.

"You see, Ma'am, I'll tell you how it is; my husband was obliged, in a manner, to take tickets above a week ago, and I couldnt foresee then, you know, that I should have such a cold, and now the time's come, I don't feel as if I should like to go, so that I had much rather

give my ticket to Master Weston, and I'm sure he'll be in the best of hands, not indeed, but I think he's quite equal to taking care of himself; — so if you please, Sir."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Weston, "this is being very kind."

Orlando lost no time in dressing, but he was obliged to listen to his mother's repeated injunctions to stick close to his conductor, not for the world to get into a crowd, and to listen to her assurance, that she should be unhappy all the while he was out. In the mean time Mrs. Barnard was descanting to her daughter (while she tied her frock with the most Quaker-like particularity) on all she had observed.

"There was Mrs. Weston," said she, "sitting with a great shawl on, this mild day, close up to the fire, and with such a cap on as you never saw; just as if she came out of a picture-frame twenty years old! she's quite like a lady for all that, and is pretty in

the face, with little fat fussy hands as white as snow; but so heavy and unwieldy, she ought'nt to have been that size this five and-twenty years. As for him, poor man, he looks like skin and grief, he's so tall and thin, but something very taking about him. There was a table under the window full of papers, indeed the whole room was of a litter: it strikes me very much that he is an author, or some kind of a genius, poor man."

The voice of Mr. Barnard calling "Seraphina!" interrupted this detail: the mother and daughter, descending, found Mr. Weston, his son and Mr. Barnard, all talking together in the passage; and the warm heart of Mrs. Barnard rejoiced to see that her little plan of amusing the son had brought the father forward. She had the good sense to be aware that although a most desirable help-mate for her husband, she was not the companion his mind required; and she was most desirous of

obtaining for him some little substitute, for the polished circle he had many years enjoyed, and the total want of which began to affect his spirits and even his temper.

Mr. Barnard was the son of an officer, who fell early in the contest of the American colonies with the mother-country, leaving his widow with a slender provision for herself and three children. Thomas, the eldest, reaped the advantages of his father's valour, by being appointed to a writership at Madras; the second (a girl) was taken by her father's family, and eventually married in Argyleshire. Henry remained with his mother, who, after some years of widowhood, married a sculptor, who made her a most excellent husband, but had the misfortune to lose her in giving birth to the only child she gave him, and which soon followed her to the grave.

Henry and his father-in-law became

more closely united, from the awful dissolution of that bond which had brought them together; he was a boy of fine parts, acute perception, vivid imagination, and vigorous mind; and seized on all those subjects connected with the fine arts, now brought daily under his eyes, with an intensity of excitation, and comprehensiveness of capacity, which commanded the attention of the artists of that day, and induced his parental friend, Mr. Spottiswolde, to give him every advantage in his power, and combine in his education that knowledge which should fit him for the highest walk of art, to what branch soever he might attach himself.

Henry Barnard's taste led him to *painting*, because he was fond of landscape and architecture, and wished to combine in his paintings those forms which had charmed his eye, or formed his studies; but as he proceeded in life it was found, that although his genius was

developed, and he evidently possessed and diffused the soul of the art into his work, yet that his long residence with a sculptor had rendered his eye in a certain degree obtuse to the gradations of colour, and thrown into his pictures somewhat of a marble monotony. Sensible of this, and likewise habituated to hear every hour from Mr. Spottiswolde himself, who was now declining in years, how desirable a residence in Italy was to every young artist, he resolved to devote his little patrimony to obtaining this advantage.

As the time approached for his departure, the old man sickened at every circumstance which gave "note of preparation," and at length resolved to accompany him. His affairs were speedily arranged, for although not poor, he was far from rich; and some younger men of transcendant talent were mounting over his head, it was, therefore, wise in him to decline a contest to which he was un-

equal, and in a more genial climate recruit the lamp of life, and feed it with those blameless pleasures so dear to the eye and heart of an artist. Their voyage was pleasant; the old man was recognised by many friends at Rome; the young one welcomed by many. By degrees they traversed all Italy together; and when Mr. Spottiswolde found it was time for him to settle, they took a house in Rome, and lived in comfort, and even elegance, at a very trifling expence; and young Barnard, every where well received as a man, and extolled as an artist, enjoyed at once the mental luxuries which ancient and modern Rome offer to the man of genius and research, together with the prospect of that fame which was his first object, and that fortune which was his second.

Mr. Spottiswolde died before a cloud had arisen upon the prospects of the excellent and beloved son, who soothed his declining years, and honoured his

name. When he was dead, Henry wished to revisit his native country; but he was engaged by a nobleman, who was travelling, to paint a series of pictures for him, that would necessarily occupy a considerable time, but would also richly repay the sacrifice. This nobleman, not less considerate for his comforts than just to his talents, introduced him into the highest circles, where his varied knowledge, his graceful manners, and his independent sentiments, in which the freedom of *his* country, blended with the polish of *theirs*, procured him every where admiration and respect.

Thus had Henry reached his thirtieth year, without knowing any other mistress than his art, to whom he was, indeed, a most devoted lover, when he was struck by the appearance of a young person, who, passing him in the street, entered a house nearly opposite to his own, and which had been taken a short time before by an English gentleman,



who was said to be travelling for his health. But there did not need this information to tell Barnard that the young creature he had seen was wholly English; the brilliant fairness of her complexion, the clear blueness of her eyes, the perfect absence of all expression in her features, save that of innocent good humour, together with a steadiness of carriage, which combined the dignity of modesty with her simplicity, all indicated her so truly his countrywoman, that she brought upon him such a fit of the *pays du malade* as he had never felt before.

Again and again she passed his windows, and put all his ideas into confusion. He began to believe that he wished to obtain her as a model; and although she was not like any of those Roman matrons, or Grecian heroines, who employed the classic pencil in the hours of sober judgment, he yet fancied her at this moment fit for every one of them.

In a short time his painting-room was visited by Mr. Cholmleigh and Lady Emily his wife, the persons of whom his servant had spoken. The former was evidently far advanced in a decline, and was anxious to gain a countryman as an acquaintance, at such a distance from home, and at a time when the wars which the French Revolution had spread all over Europe had driven nearly all the English home, and rendered the few who remained in the light of suspected persons. Sincere pity for his situation, and that of his lady, was naturally awakened in the mind of Mr. Barnard; and the consciousness that he could add to their comfort would also have led him to rejoice in their acquaintance: but it may be concluded, that when he visited them, the fair unknown formed a prominent figure on the canvass on which his imagination was at work.

When he entered Mr. Cholmleigh's drawing-room she was, indeed, seated

at work, but he had scarcely entered ere she disappeared. Another and another visit took place, and with something more like anger than love, he ventured to observe, on her third departure, "that it was his misfortune to be an object of terror to the young lady, though he was her countryman."

"The young person whom you designate Lady, is my wife's maid," said Mr. Chomleigh, "and she conceives it her duty to quit the apartment when a visitor enters, otherwise so highly do we esteem her, and so truly valuable has she been to us, through our long melancholy tour, that we never allow her to leave us for an hour."

"She is every thing to me," said Lady Emily, wiping her eyes: "her activity, tenderness, and, I may say, ability, has done more for our comfort than I can describe: she is every thing a woman should be."

"You may indeed say so, my dear,

with the single exception of that title our friend just now gave her. 'Our good Crossland will never be a *lady*, her original phraseology and her provincialism, as a Yorkshire woman, will stick to her through life, though the quickness of her ear, and the perseverance of her mind, has already made her a proficient in Italian.

"Her father," added Lady Emily, "is a very respectable farmer on our estate near Tadcaster, but having married a second time, his daughter being persuaded that a service with me was preferable to one at home, came to me about three years ago."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Barnard, "she must have been a mere child?"

"Oh! no, she was nearly nineteen; she does not look one day older than she did then, nor will she do so for many years, I really believe; for there is such an equanimity of temper about her, and she is so active and temperate, that it

seems as if neither time nor circumstance made any change in her ; yet she is full 'of feeling.'

Mr. Barnard had naturally a good deal of pride, for he had that which belonged to him as an artist, united to some which attached to him as an admired man, on whom many bright eyes had deigned to look ; and when he left Mr. Chomleigh's house, he felt half angry with himself for having listened with so much complacency to the account of a young woman, who, after all, was but their servant ; but the next time he went and saw her, he forgot it all ; and as she was endeavouring to pass a wearisome hour with her poor master, by playing chess with him on her knees, for he was now confined to his couch, he forgot every thing but her beauty and her good qualities.

The worse poor Mr. Chomleigh grew, the more were Mr. Barnard's attentions called for ; and the sympathy like felt by

him and Crossland was a point of endearment which drew each heart nearer to the other; and in the awful hour, when the widowed Lady Emily was denied even to Mr. Barnard, who was now her only friend, he declared unequivocally his attachment, and offered his hand.

“ But I can never forsake my lady in her distress, that is quite impossible: — otherwise — ”

The blush and the “ otherwise ” were very dear to the heart of the lover at this moment, but yet he saw that without Lady Emily’s full consent his hopes would never be complied with. It so happened, that within a very short time an opportunity offered for Lady Emily to escape with a family of distinction, who were going to Lisbon; and undertook to be her convoy, provided she went alone, and passed for a foreigner. In her distress she sent for Mr. Barnard, to entreat his advice and assistance with respect to her poor Crossland.

Time was precious ; Barnard was explicit : — in great agitation, the poor young woman was at once torn from her mistress, and as it should seem from her country, and given to a stranger ; but not only her lady, but the friends whom she accompanied, were the witnesses to her marriage, at the earnest request of her husband.

In a short time the troubles of Italy, and more especially of Rome, began, and year after year passed by, without affording the painter an opportunity of returning to England, and during these years his generous patron became such a sufferer as to render it impossible for him to continue employing him. The short peace, by sending a number of English to travel, promised to supply this deficiency, and as Mrs. Barnard had now three small children, it was a duty to provide for them by remaining, or a difficulty to travel with them. Again the demon of war raged, and to the unutter-

able grief and indignation of our artist, the spoils of Italy, the riches on which his heart had so long feasted, were conveyed to France, and in the losses of many individuals, his own property, as well as comforts, were comprised: in the meantime, sickness ravaged the dearer treasures of his heart; and at different periods the unhealthiness of the country, whither he had found it necessary, as an Englishman, to retire from the irruptions of French barbarians, had taken from him a son in his seventh year, and two little ones, that withered at the mother's breast; at length his daughter was seized also, and under his fear of losing the last surviving blossom of parental hope, he hastily turned all his property into specie, abandoned his dwelling, and by a circuitous route of immense expense and incalculable toil and danger, returned to his native country, after an absence of almost thirty years.

Happily the spirits of both parents.



were sustained during this wearisome pilgrimage, from observing that the object of their cares gained health and strength by every removal; too young to share their solicitude, yet old enough to feel ardent curiosity, and be gratified by every object; her mind, her faculties, and her health, sprung like flowers before their eyes, to console them for the frightful desolation which reigned over the Eden they had left, and the dear, yet unknown land whither they were hastening.

„ As soon as Mr. Barnard had settled himself in the lodgings where we now find him, and his wife had assured herself that her child could enjoy health in London, she conceived it her duty to visit her father, of whose existence she had not even heard for the last five years, and she had, perhaps, not less anxiety as to the fate of Lady Emily Chomleigh, of whom she had not heard for a much longer period.

### CHAP. III.

The visit paid, with extasy we come,  
As from a seven years' transportation, home,  
And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,  
Recovering what we lost we know not how.

COWPER.

MRS. BARNARD had the satisfaction of finding her father's house in every respect so much improved, with such an air of wealth in the appearance of all around her, that she could not doubt but her fellow travellers in the coach had said truth, when they asserted, that farming had been for some years the most profitable business in the kingdom; but beyond these appearances her pleasures did not extend.

Her mother-in-law did, indeed, seem to receive her with pleasure, praising her for numberless good qualities, in

which she declared her own daughters to be deficient; these daughters were very fine ladies, and did not appear to consider their new sister so smart as they should have expected a Londoner to be. When the father came in, though he was much better dressed than his daughter had ever seen him before, yet he was evidently grown very old, and so deaf that he did not easily comprehend who it was; when he did, he kissed her with great appearance of affection; for a few minutes he looked delighted, and asked where her husband and children were; but in a short time his countenance became clouded; and silence and coldness ran through the whole family like a mildew.

Mrs. Barnard was too much hurt to struggle through this the first day; and as she found that they knew nothing of Lady Emily, but that she was married again, and that all her late husband's property in that neighbourhood had been

sold long ago, she determined to make a short visit. She felt, however, that she had a right to give her father a hint, that as he had evidently been a thriving man, had placed one son in a distant farm, bought a commission for another, who had stepped from being a volunteer captain to be a regular ensign, and had two young ladies at home who might expect dowries, that she had a right to be classed with his other children; but aware of the jealousy she had excited, she approached by gentle gradations to the point she wished.

“It seems, father, that farming has been a very good thing in England of late years?”

“It was gude once, but its bad enuegh noo?”

“What is become of our old man, John Holmes?”

“He’s alive, and has th’ Greenhow farm, but he’s as blind as a beetle.”

"I will go to see him, poor man; I'm sure he'll remember Sally."

"Not he; he wants naebody to go a-nigh him."

"And what is becom of poor Betty?"

"She's wedded and gane lang sin."

"And so my poor aunt Alice died twelve yea's ago, you wrote me word; I wonder much she left me nothing; for she must have died worth money?"

This was not a direct question; but the dead silence which followed, struck Mrs. Barnard, as singular: she mused upon it, as premising the question; when a bustle was heard in the kitchen, and a voice, broken by age, yet not wholly strange to her, cried out,

"Why, honey! Sally! my bonny lass, where is thou?"

"'Tis poor old John," cried Mrs. Barnard, running instantly into the kitchen, although every person in the room rose to detain her.

"My good old friend, here I am."

said she, taking hold of both his hands, and seating him on the old long settle, which still occupied its ancient place.

“An sae, what my bonny lass, thou’t really come back again! ah! many’s the time I ha’ carried the i’ my arms, an’ many’s the time I’ve been fear’d lest Bonny party shud get hold on thee i’ them forrin parts; and noo, dear heart, after all I’s suffered about thee, I cannot set my pure auld eyes on thy pratty feace; it were allways a feace that had a smile for auld Johnny.”

“And it has a smile now for you, Johnny,” said Mrs. Barnard, throwing her arms around the old man, and kissing his forehead, while her warm tears bedewed his cheek.

“Why, see ye there noo?” said the happy old man, as he wiped the drops that gathered in his sightless eyes, “this is my own lassie, I’s sure, ‘many waters will not quench love,’ it’s nather gaein beyond seas, nár fine pleaces, nor a grand

husband, 'at alters a gude heart; but Sally! honey! is this fine man 'at ye've wed, sac rich, an' sae prood, th~~at~~ he win not have any the gear your good aunt Alice left ye?"

"What gear, Johnny, I never heard of any?"

"See ye, there, noo! murder will out! why, bairn, she left ye aw she had, bein her own sister's bairn, 't were ever likely she shud. There were a matter a twelve hundred pund, an' fine goons and furbe-lq's without end, an' twa' pair a siller candlesticks, an' a kist full a fine linen; what! I fetched it aw i' th' cart mysel, into this varry hoos."

"'Tis all very true, ma'am," said John's nephew, a respectable looking young man, who had led him thither, "and indeed all the country knows very well, ma'am, that your father, the year afterwards, put three hundred pounds to it, and bought the Greenhow farm, on which uncle and us live, he had it a great

bargain; but I always said as how 'twas not his'n, an' t'would do better for us if the right owner had it, an' I'll say the same afore Justice Parker or anybody."

"Eh, Eh, bairn, if thou likes to have thy own again, we's aw stand by thee to the last drop of bluid we have."

In a very few minutes, and without a word of anger, Mrs. Barnard had enquired of the whole family in the parlour whether they would choose to settle this account with *her*, or make it the talk of the country that she had taken the law of her father; "of course" said she, "you don't suppose I have travelled so far, and lived so long at Rome, and got the cleverest husband that ever was born, and don't understand the laws of my country: in short, I'll have both principal and interest up to this hour, and be considered as a child at last, also, seeing I have never been considered as such before."



Whether it was her assumption of knowledge, her quiet determination of gaining justice, the dread of exposure, or the whispers of conscience which produced the effect, I know not, but Mrs. Barnard slept that night with the title deeds of the Greenhow farm, and all the cash at command, under her pillow; it was short of her claims, but she was not a hard creditor; and in giving up a little, she made those friends, who, in retaining *all*, were her enemies.

The following day, after renewing old Johnny's lease to his nephew, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and her father and his family a friendly one, she resumed her long journey, consoling herself for the fatigue, by taking her candlesticks in her hands and her fortune in her pocket, to present to a husband whom she loved and admired to veneration, and whom, she was well aware, was wishing her at home again, every hour of the day.

Like every other man whose absence from his native country has compromised the best years of his existence, on arriving in London, Mr. Barnard found himself the inhabitant of a new world; so often had *his* heart (ever rich in the best affections of our nature) flown out to this beloved land with all the enthusiasm and sensibility peculiar to minds of his class; that if every man he met in the streets had offered his hand with the cordial grasp of welcome, it would only have accorded with his high-raised expectations; he felt as if every one should have welcomed the tempest-beaten stranger to that port from whence his heart had never wandered.

More especially was this sensation awakened towards men of his own profession. Those whom he had left, and amongst whom he had so long lived and shone, were all impassioned votaries of art, and greeted as brothers the wanderers from every land devoted to her service: they were a

“sacred band,” moved by one impulse, actuated by one desire; of different gradations in point of power, but perfectly united in sentiment, and enjoying pleasures, suffering evils, practising virtues, and committing errors, which were exclusively their own: with them *talent* was *rank*, and the brow of poverty when flushed with the conscious possession of it, never knew the sense of shame.

But Barnard, unconscious of the immense population in which he now moved, and astonished at the rapid advance his country had made in art, during a period when strangers concluded her devoted to arms, looked on all with surprise and general admiration, which whilst it enlarged his pride as a Briton, yet sunk his spirits as an individual. In this immense multitude, no man bade him welcome. The stars which had illumined the hemisphere of his early life, were all set, and the more extensive and not less brilliant galaxy of this day, sent no rays

to *him* ; they were 'burning' planets in their own sphere, perhaps ; but the coldness of English manners, the necessity, where so many contend for the prize, that each should secure his individual share of it. The long period which had elapsed since *his* house had been the asylum for his countrymen, and *his* introduction their passport, all tended, in the eye of reason, to produce an effect, which, though perfectly natural, fell on the ardent soul and acute feelings of the painter, like the irritation of personal insult and the cruelty of neglecting friendship.

In this state of mind, his wife found him ; and her welcome present, and still more welcome presence, came most seasonably to rouse him from dejection, and recall him to the exercise of his art ; nor did she rest till he was commodiously placed in his present apartments, and mimic life started again beneath his creative hand, and called him from the daily mortifications and petty cares of real life,

to dwell in the realms of imagination, and converse with beings of other worlds and other ages.

But, perhaps, even in this fascinating employment, the mind of Barnard was not more happily engaged, than when employed in the instruction of his daughter, whom he loved with an idolising fondness, which would have probably injured even her it sought to render perfect, if the common sense and awakened anxiety of the mother had not counteracted the error, and sown on the rich soil those useful seeds, which furnish the most valuable harvest. To her father she was indebted for elegant accomplishments, discriminating taste, considerable knowledge, and a lively perception of beauty and greatness: from her mother she had gained plain but distinct ideas of the Protestant faith, of the obligation it imposed of every moral virtue; sound principles of conduct; unwearied industry; consideration and reflection be-

yond her years; and a purity of thought and manners that seemed to place her beyond the reach of contagion, like the pure gloss of a garment on which the lightest dust can never rest.

Returning from this necessary digression, we will accompany Mrs. Barnard into the sitting-room of Mrs. Weston, where she now agreed to take her tea, at the same time making an apology for her dress, which was perfectly neat, and could have only the effect of leading Mrs. Barnard to advert to her own; and compel her to observe, "that she believed she was not like any body else; but it did not signify."

"Why, ma'am, I take it London is as new to you as it was to me, when I came from abroad at first:—dear! what an object people must have thought me; and I then said, just as you say, 'it don't signify;' but I soon found it did, ma'am, and I new-modelled my head like the rest of the world. I'll just show what

a pretty cap I bought for next to nothing."

In less than a minute the cap was produced; and in another, by a kind of gentle force, it was upon the head of Mrs. Weston, to whom it proved so becoming, that her husband declared she had not looked so well these ten years, and added, with a gentle sigh, "my dear, you must have some few things, or you cannot go to church."

"Well, my dear, if you admire it, I have nothing to say against it; Orlando is always teasing me about my bordered caps, and wants me to go without, but that is too much trouble; but if *you* like this cap so very much, Charles —"

"That's right — that's just as I say, — if one's husband likes a thing, that's every thing; for my part, I'm sure a smile from Mr. Barnard makes me quite young again; not that I call myself old! but, ma'am, as it would really be the death of me to sit all these hours with my hands

before me, if you'll just look out a square of muslin, like that handkerchief you have on, I will make you a turban like this; and when your son comes home, how he will look at you!"

Mrs. Weston rung the bell, and sent the maid for a box which contained a number of handkerchiefs, of which Mrs. Barnard was, with many thanks for her trouble, desired to take her choice; on which she eagerly pounced on the whole, crying out—"Law, ma'am, I shall take to them all; why, I'll be bound that me and my Sara will make you quite a new creature, in two or three days out of these things: they will make caps, flounces, habit-shirts, frills, and collars, and make you quite smart without costing a farthing."

Mrs. Weston thought her new acquaintance not very delicate; yet she was sensible that she was truly kind, and as the really becoming head-dress, she formed grew under her hand, she



could not help thanking her with a warmth of expression unusual to her."

"Don't say a word about it; what did we come into the world for, as I say to my Sara, but to help one another: it is a great comfort to me that I have hands; and I'm sure I shall have quite a pleasure in setting you a little to rights. I know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land; as one may say."

"You lived abroad, I think, Mrs. Barnard?"

"Yes, Sir, I married there; I was only a servant, Sir, (I tell you the truth,) when Mr. Barnard took a fancy to me and married me; indeed, he was never the man that thought of me otherways, and —"

This was a point which never failed to awaken the most lively feelings of sensibility and gratitude in the mind of Mrs. Barnard, who, so pretty and so young as she was when she exchanged the paternal roof for a dependent station, had found no other man with the manners

of a gentleman equally disinterested with him, whose virtuous passion formed the pride as well as happiness of her life; at this moment tears gushed into her still beautiful eyes, and some moments elapsed ere she proceeded.

“Not, thank God, but I hope I have made it up to him. I have sought his welfare day and night, in sickness and in health, as one may say; and but for me he never would have throve in the world as he did for many years, before those French wretches came and ruined every thing: and, to be sure, its a certain thing every man must ask his wife, if he can live; a gentleman is very helpless, generally; but if, into the bargain, he happens to be a genius, why then, God help him, say I, if his wife doesn't see after him.”

After a somewhat painful pause, Mrs. Barnard said,—“Italy is a very delightful country, I believe?”

“O yes! quite miraculous, especially for people that understands it; but it was

he hadn't a wristband that didn't hang in fringes, as it were, (Mr. Weston pulled down his coat sleeves,) nor a pair of stockings with feet to them; his painting-room was more unclean than Noah's ark; his drawing-room an inch thick with dust; his library had a university of fleas in it, established as long as Padua. — Ah! what a fettling job had I to get things decent, and how I did make those Roman servants stare at me!"

"*Fettling* is a word peculiar to your country and mine," said Mr. Weston; "but I cannot discover its derivation."

"I know what it *means*, and that's *all* I know; but my husband understands every thing about language and what not; and I hope you will spend to-morrow evening with him, and talk it over, Sir; I am sure you and him will agree mightily: I knew you would, from the moment I heard your son's name; because it showed that you were fond of Italy, and poetry, and such like."

"I think your daughter is called Seraphina."

"Yes, Sir, that is her name; I made no objection, because my own is Sarah, and I thought them a good deal alike, and I generally call her by it; she is a girl of girls, that's certain; and you will see, as young as she is, if she wo'n't roast us a pullet to-morrow night to a single turn, and send it up fit for a duke."

"Is it possible, that such an accomplished girl, who sings so scientifically, can stoop to cooking?"

"To be sure; why not, Sir? if a man can do a great thing, he may surely do a little one. I would be sorry to see my child a drudge; but I should be more sorry still, if she could not turn her hand to any thing: why there's your son, Sir, isn't he a fine elegant creature; but I suppose he must do something soon; and if not, would he ever be good for any thing?"

Mr. Weston took the opportunity thus

brought forward, of easing his heart of its load concerning Orlando, and the indefinite engagement he had made respecting him; and, to his great relief, found that his lady bore the information much better than he expected, being either over-talked, or really argued into a belief, that the scheme was a most desirable one, by Mrs. Barnard; who relieved the hearts of both the parents, by undertaking not only to break it to the boy, but to gain his consent to it. She had scarcely arranged this point, when the party returned; and, for the rest of the time they sat up, no tongue was heard save that of the delighted Orlando, whose raptures so completely subdued his timidity, that he despatched with eloquence, as well as energy, on all he had beheld; and could never sufficiently thank the dear, though new-found friends, who had bestowed on him so delightful a treat.

From this time, the two families became extremely intimate; and to the

generous joy of Mrs. Barnard, she saw her husband bestow such a portion of his cordial affection and warm admiration upon Mr. Weston, as to render him most happy in his society, and supply to his evenings, the gay assemblies and lively *conversations* in which he had so long partaken, in circles of wealth and rank, from which he now appeared excluded. Whilst the gentlemen pursued subjects of high interest to the sons of the pencil and the lyre, their wives were engaged in domestic occupation, to which Mrs. Barnard rather sought than succeeded in leading her friend; while Orlando most sedulously took lessons of drawing from Seraphina, or endeavoured to accompany her theobos with the flute, in which he had made some little progress. As the parties were blest with good temper, most of them with cultivated minds, and they were sensible to a similarity of taste, of pursuits, and even of necessities, which

bound them to each other, and though their mutual entertainments were very frugal, they were rich in happiness, and splendid in the mental stores which they displayed.

# CHAP. IV.

In every clime, in every tongue,  
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,  
In whispers low, in poet's lays,  
There lives not one who has not hung,  
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

MISS MITFORD.

"THIS is all very pleasant," said Mrs. Barnard to herself, "but, dear heart, it cannot last: I must contrive to sell that poor dear soul his poem, for he'll never do it himself, and my master is worse than him; and this fine noble boy, if he is not weaned from this drawing and reading, and such-like, will be ruined for ever."

"Sara, you have practised two hours, come and mend these stockings, it is not possible for me to do them all."

Seraphina immediately laid down her instrument.



"I wonder any woman likes to mend stockings," said Orlando; "it appears to me the most dull, heartless, disagreeable work in the world."

"Both Sara and me think so, but it is our duty to mend them, and when the job is over, we feel proud of it, because we have conquered our reluctance, not because our work is beautiful, of course."

"There is a great pleasure in doing *useful* work," said Seraphina, "or at least a great reproach in leaving it undone; remember the tale in the Parent's Assistant."

"I wonder when I shall be useful," said Orlando.

"When you are bound apprentice to the ironmonger, whom your father visits in the city, my dear."

"Surely, my dear Mrs. Barnard, he does not think of putting me to such an employment as that?"

"In truth, he thinks of nothing else; I'm sure he frets himself to addle strings

about it; and in my opinion, if it isn't settled soon, it will be the death of him, and then I'm sure your heart would ache to its inmost core, as the plays says, so dearly as you love him."

"But, my dear Mrs. Barnard, how could I live all along in the midst of coaches and drays, and dirt, without drawing, or books, or seeing my mother, or Seraphina, or any of you, just to weigh iron and make up parcels, and write accounts, without end?"

"Why, very well to be sure, other people do it, and the more difficult you find it, the more you will display a manly mind to conquer it: why Sera, there, who is above two years younger than you, and is a *girl*, would do it; aye, and fly to do it, if she saw her father wasting to a lathe, or heard her mother sit and sigh as poor Mrs. Weston does; wouldn't you, my child?"

"Can my mother ask me?" said Se-

raphin, throwing her arms round her neck, and bursting into tears.

We are not sure but some of those tears were given to the painful struggles which her late companion evidently endured, and which at length compelled him to hide himself in his bed-room, where the contest between his wishes, and what he conceived his manliness of resolution, as well as his duty and affection, were very great; but Mrs. Barnard was not mistaken in him, and when he came down he determined not only to go, but to save his father all knowledge of what it cost him; and his swollen eyes did not wound a parent's heart, for he dined with the Barnards, and received a flattering tribute of praise from the head of the family for his resolution.

Most happy and thankful was Mr. Weston when this long rankling business was settled, though his wants and not his wishes, placed the son of his love in a situation so uncongenial to his talents.

Some of Charles's first Sunday visits evidently showed that he was far from happy, and that he languished for that dear society, and the exercise of those attainments from which he was torn, and the heart of the father bled in every vein; but from the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Barnard, he suffered the subject to remain unprobed, aware, that, if a single word of complaint was uttered, he could not resist it; by degrees, the colour returned into Orlando's cheek, the fire sparkled in his eyes, he entered with equal joy, but he departed without equal sorrow, and his master gave the most flattering accounts of the propriety of his conduct.

There were moments when the father almost allowed himself to feel afraid that his son would become a mere tradesman, and learn to be happy in the accumulation of dirty wealth; but from fears of this nature he was too soon relieved by the near prospect of wanting that money.

he now blamed himself for despising. At the time this apprehension first pressed upon him, he was most seasonably relieved by a letter from his uncle, which was addressed to his wife, and informed her, "that he was highly gratified with the destination of her son, whose apprentice fee he had taken upon himself, and whose fortunes he was willing to undertake, on the same plan he had done for his father, nearly twenty years before; but that if his schemes were again frustrated, every shilling he possessed should go to found an hospital for idiots, as the only means of helping the farther progeny of the Westons."

Of this threat neither parent felt the full force at the moment, for the sake of the relief which accompanied it, but the time came when they reasoned upon it, and felt a full conviction that it would be literally acted upon, so far as regarded the total alienation of the uncle's property; for if he could for so many years

tear from his heart, the only son of his brother, whom as a child he had known and loved, it was utterly unlikely that he should be more kind to the person, or considerate to the inclinations of a child that he had never beheld; for true to his original declaration of helping them only, when they helped themselves, he had refused to attend the christening of Orlando, because he learnt that his mother's fortune was at that time in a very slight degree encroached upon.

It now became summer, and business being less pressing, Mr. Hanbury kindly allowed Orlando to visit his friends whenever he could do it with propriety, and when the happy boy had rested five minutes from the fatigue of running from Cheapside to Dean-street, he generally proposed a walk to his father, and, if possible, engaged Seraphina to accompany them. These walks were, indeed, most necessary to Mr. Weston, whose health was evidently much injured by

the sedentary life he led; a life which had all the evils of confinement without producing its fruits, for hitherto he had neither been able to finish one work in such a manner as to satisfy his own refined taste, nor venture to offer any, under this unhappy persuasion, to the public. In the objects of worthy curiosity to which he was thus led by his son, or the peeps of nature gained by a ramble in the adjacent villages to the metropolis, his mind was restored to its energies, and his enervated frame experienced delightful renovation; but when Orlando was prevented from giving him this assistance, he had not the resolution to go out alone; and further than the church in her own street, or a single turn round the neighbouring square, it was impossible to persuade his lady that her powers extended.

Once, indeed, the eloquence of Orlando prevailed over the sedentary habits and really nervous indisposition of his

mother; she agreed to accompany them all to see the ascent of a balloon, in which an intrepid aeronaut was prepared to rise. Mr. Barnard and his wife set out first, and Seraphina with a feeling perhaps undefinable to herself, took unasked the arm of Weston, as he stood waiting for his wife, whose clogs wanted tying; so Orlando took charge of his mother.

The balloon was to ascend from Westminster, and the sky, though somewhat cloudy, was fine, and it was probable that the crowd would be immense. Conscious that they had waited for the accoutreing of poor Mrs. Weston, till the last moment, Mr. Barnard, as leader, went the nearest way, and poor Orlando soon entered into all the difficulties of conveying his mother, through narrow alleys, dirty streets, and crosses full of the lesser impediments to London pedestrians, but which were evils of no little magnitude to the anxious mind, and impatient curiosity of Orlando,



and still more to his really terrified, and shuffling companion.

“ Dear mother, let me take your clogs in my hand.”

“ How you talk child ! I should get my death ; didn’t I always wear clogs at Weston-Green, whenever I went into the garden ; you have put them on my feet a thousand times to save me from stooping.”

“ Yes, mother, but it was damp there, and you see it is impossible for any thing to be more dry than the pavement.”

“ Put your mother’s clogs in your pocket,” said Mrs. Weston, “ or the hot pavement and them together, will burn her feet, and they will be nip’d out of your hand ”

“ Dear ! what a *sad* place this is,” but she ordered her son to take off the clogs ; when he was doing it, “ by your leave,” cried a porter, giving the poor woman a shove, which almost threw her over her stooping son.

“ My poor mother,” said Orlando, tenderly re-assuring her, “ we shall get on better now ; but in less than a moment, Mrs. Weston, herself, went bounce against a woman with a child in her arms ; though not hurt, the brat roared, the woman raved, and Mrs. Weston apologized. ”

“ Dear mother, there is no harm done, let us go on.”

“ It was my veil, my dear, made me not see her ; and stop, stop, don't you see, it is caught by the ham hanging here.”

Orlando released the veil, and turned it over his mother's bonnet, grieved to see by the colour of her face, that she was already dreadfully over-heated, but the press of people now mixing with them, prevented every thought, but that of getting forwards.

“ My dear child, I can neither see your father nor Mr. Barnard ; bless me ! I have lost the sight of 'em all.”

"Never mind, mother, I can surely take care of you, I know London a great deal better than my father."

"He will be robbed in this crowd; I should not wonder if he were murdered; but I have no breath, I shall never get over this, but I don't blame you, my dear boy — oh! no."

"Keep up a good heart, mother; — we shall have more room presently."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Mrs. Weston, as she was thrown bounce upon her son by an amazon who passed them, "I do think that wicked woman has killed me."

"Wicked!" said the woman looking back, "no great wickedness in killing a sow so well fattened."

"What a dreadful place this London is!" ejaculated poor Mrs. Weston.

"At any rate, it ben't a place for a thread-paper to pilot a woolpack in," said a little man behind her.

"Come, don't you sseace the lady,

master minikin. You ha sailed in her wake, as snug as a packet under convoy of a first rate," said another voice. . .

"I hope she an't got newer a vatch on," cried a third.

"Though now wound up to great impatience, lest he should not see the balloon, Orlando stooping, said, "mother, you surely did not bring your reticule with you?"

"La, chlld, how should I? I never had such a thing — but oh! dear! dear! we must turn back this minute, I have lost my pocket and every thing in it; hold! perhaps it is turned round, I have so many petticoats on — dear! dear! it is quite gone, we must try to find it, but every thing will be trampled to pieces."

A shout of thousands of voices, now rent the air, and poor Orlando, first lifting up his mother's bonnet which had been pressed completely over her face, entreated her to look, and tried to direct

his own view ; but they were still far, far from the scene of action, and closely pent in a street. He gazed around in vain to the left, to the right, and a second shout seemed, with the observations around him, to say, that the balloon was now beyond the view of the most favoured spectators, and of course entirely lost to him.

Exceedingly disappointed (for never had his ardent mind been equally excited), and vexed almost beyond his bearing, words of anger sprung to his lips, but they were instantly checked on looking at his mother, whose appearance, though perhaps ludicrous to those around, was distressing to the son who fondly loved her, and who was aware that her complaints on this ill-fated journey, had been very few, considering what she had suffered from heat, terror, and exertion. Forgetting himself and his frustrated wishes, he sought for a temporary retreat for her, until the crowd drew off, and

after some trouble procured a coach, in which they drew up just as their party reached their lodgings on foot.

As the confusion of Mrs. Weston subsided, she found, not only that she had lost her pocket, which was, indeed, a considerable substance, easily discerned by those who followed her, being equal to the saddle bags of a modern dealer, but that she actually had received a severe contusion, most probably at the moment it was taken, and that when she said she was killed, the exclamation was not for nothing. Her grandmother's massive gold watch and etwée case, her silver nutmeg-grater, with several rings in it, and a purse full of silver and some old coin, of more precious metal, together with a pocket book containing what she valued beyond all the rest, the love-letters of her husband, were the sacrifice of her ill-fated expedition, and which for ever closed her London campaigns.

Another winter succeeded; the families

were if possible more united, for each had certain cares weighing on their spirits, which though neither exactly communicated, were yet understood, and called for the relief afforded by society. As, however, the shade was far deeper on Mr. Weston's brow than that of her husband, and Mrs. Barnard observed to her daughter, "his trade is much worse than your father's, because if one does *little*, the other does *nothing*," she took care that her neighbour should visit her at least three times for once, and every day found some good reason for either purchasing their victuals, or inspecting their cookery, so as to increase their comforts or diminish their expenses, observing, "that she always found people, who studied much, had very delicate stomachs, she believed doctors called it *hile*, but she knew better, it was all *genius*; sometimes it showed itself in one part, sometimes in another; if it happened to fly all into the head, it made

a man crazy, but when it was properly distributed, then he became clever; like your husband and mine, Mrs. Weston, but still even they want seeing after."

Under her invisible influence, in a way which saved his feelings from all wound, and even flattered his love of fame, Mrs. Barnard at this time procured her husband an engagement with the first print-seller in London, and from that time she became extremely anxious to dispose of the poem which Mr. Weston had read to them, and which at length the near prospect of want had compelled him to offer to various booksellers, as he one evening confessed, when he was unaccompanied by his wife.

"What did the publishers say?" cried Mrs. Barnard with eagerness, which hurt her husband.

"They were all kind and polite, which renders the case more hopeless; one declined publishing any more poems, because he had lost a great deal of money by such



things; another, because he was so busy with those he had engaged to publish; a third, because my work was not long enough; and one gentleman told me, with great appearance of candour, though not very flattering to me, 'that he never accepted any thing of this kind but what was recommended to him from good authority, as he could not rely on his own judgment on literary subjects.' "

"Now that's what I call a sensible man; and it seems to me you can do nothing without a *friend*," said Mrs. Barnard.

"The colour of the husband rose all over his face; he felt assured that his wife was going to set him on the only work from which his friendship would shrink, and where his pride would feel as acutely for his friend as himself; he therefore said hastily and angrily, "Why, my dear, will you talk of a thing which you know nothing at all about?"

"I shall say no more, Mr. Barnard ;

not a word : not but, I think I know a good deal about such things as buying and selling : now, the city's the place for me, could you do better there, think you, Sir ?”

“ I apprehend to the contrary ; where a publisher *here* offers me thirty pounds, I should expect one *there* would say twenty.” This answer sufficed for Mrs. Barnard, who was consoled by the knowledge it imparted for another angry look and speech from her husband, and yet so seldom had she ever encountered this ; (the greatest trial an attached wife ever knows,) that it now brought the tears into her eyes, and compelled her to leave the room.

“ Pshaw ! pshaw ! ” said Barnard, twice taking up the wrong colour from his pallet : “ here Seraphina.”

His daughter took hold of the brush and pallet, and he followed her mother, whose open, uncloaked countenance, had recovered its serenity already.

“ My dear Sara. I am sorry that I — but you see I cannot sell poor Weston his book — I would a thousand times rather buy it of him.”

“ I know that, my dear; I surely need not be told, that you are not now the powerful friend who could help him; there are few days in which I can help remembering the difference between Signor Barnardo, who lived among princes and cardinals, and Mr. Barnard, who is forgotten by his own countrymen; and do you think I could wound you by placing you in such a situation?”

“ Well, you really made me tremble, Sara, but I was wrong; you never *did* place me in such a situation, therefore, I ought not to have suspected you; but this is not the time to talk of what *you* have been to *me*, of what I owe you, of — ”

“ Owe, indeed! well then pay me; ask him to lend Seraphina his poem.”

The request was instantly complied

with; it produced a second compliance, and the subject was dropped.

A few days after this, the Barnards were going into their fellow-lodger's room to take tea, and when Seraphina announced the hour to her father, he accompanied her, but observed that it was very singular her mother should be out, as she was generally punctuality personified.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston wondered she was gone, and lamented that she should be out, in many more words than the occasion called for; and it was evident to their visitors, that their minds were not in the subject, and their hearts unusually heavy: for a moment, Mr. Barnard reproached himself for having made no exertion for his friend; the next he determined to benefit him; but as he looked at his daughter, he felt that there were still stronger claims upon his abridged powers.

The maid brought in the tea things,

and Mr. Barnard enquired. "if she had seen Mrs. B. go out."

" " Oh yes, Sir ! she was a comin down stairs, when I meets her with a note as was brought by a footman, and a bit of a passel, so she reads the note directly, and up stairs she goes, slips on her new p'lissee, and was off in a crack."

"When the maid had left the room, Mr. Barnard, looking earnestly at his daughter, said, "can you make any thing of this story, about a note, a footman, new pelisse, and running away, Seraphina?"

" I *think* I can, Sir ; but I am by no means certain : I am at least sure of one thing, my mother ~~is~~ is gone out either on some useful or benevolent errand."

" That *may* be, but I abhor all mystery ; how she happened to receive a note, or read it, without coming in to tell us, I can't conceive : were I wholly an Italian now, instead of half a one, I should be jealous ; eh Weston ?"

" And with good reason," said his

friend, as at this moment, the subject of their conversation ran into the room, her colour heightened with exercise, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, which seemed to animate her whole frame.

"We had quite lost you, my dear ma'am," said Weston.

"So much the better, Sir, I would have staid out till mid-night, to have had this pleasure,—there, Sir, is five ten pound notes for your poem, and there, Sir, is a paper signed and sealed, by which you are entitled to fifty pounds more on every edition; and here, Sir, is the handsome, beautiful note which helped me to make this bargain, and if you're a true *genius*, which I take it you are, a bit of praise like that, from such a man as that, will be worth the money twice over."

Mr. Weston *was* a true genius, for he took up the note first, and Barnard looked over him, while Mrs. Weston, rising with unwonted agility, threw her

arms round Mrs. Barnard, pressed her to her bosom, and sobbed aloud.

"This is indeed, a very handsome note from Mr. ———," but how did you get introduced to him, my dear?"

"I introduced myself, for thinks I, is it not a shame here, that we should live within bow-shot of a great poet, and patron of poets and such like, and never put it in his power to befriend a gentleman in his own line as it were. Haven't I heard you and Canova and Thorswalden, say fifty times, that your greatest pleasure was helping a brother artist, so I put on my best bonnet, plucked up a good heart, and made free to call on him."

"Well! 'twas a bold stroke, but no man can mistake your countenance,—go on, my dear."

"At first, I felt my face very hot, and I stammered a little, but he's quite a gentleman, I assure you, so he encouraged me, and I told him, 'this work,' says I,

' was written in the country, Sir, by a friend of mine, and I think you'll have a great deal of pleasure in reading it, and if you have, I hope you'll say so, because that will be of service to a very worthy man. I hoped he would excuse me, I had lived a many years abroad, and did not know English forms, but I meant neither harm nor offence. I said, that he must know as well as I did, that if nobody stood up for geniuses, why they must be lost, for though they were ever so brave in other respects, they were too often timid as to their own business.' "

" Business—bless my life, Sally, you surely did not bring in that cursed word again? Have I not now for nineteen years, been teaching you the difference between art, the noblest pursuit of the human mind, and trade, its most vulgar employment; you have a mind to comprehend this difference, you have even an eye for what is excellent in the fine arts, and you have lived in their



very emporium, until your ideas, your feelings, have really imbued all your thought with their excellence, yet still your tongue cleaves to these vile words\*, *trade, business, his life, that article.*"

"It is very true, my dear, but though I said it *now*, I don't think I did *then*, at least I'm sure he did not look at me as if he thought me vulgar, but quite the contrary."

Barnard shook his head incredulously.

"Well, my dear Barnard, I *will* be *guarded*, I will not offend you again, with such words and phrases, so don't damp my pleasure now by sighing so; for at all events I have made as a good *job* of this affair as ever I turned my hand to, and that's not a few."

Barnard and Weston at once laughed outright, and in their mirth, Mrs. Barnard felt quite happy, though she was

\* Poor Mrs. Barnard resembled Effie Deans; the language of early life, is much more difficult to change, than its habits.

perfectly aware that they were laughing at her. Mrs. Weston, though the meekest of women, was not equally well pleased with them; it was a rudeness she could not forgive to one, whose every action was ruled by kindness, and even the open brow of Seraphina became clouded, till honourable amends were made to her mother, a mother she esteemed not less highly, than she tenderly loved her.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



# POPULAR NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PAI, BNOSTIR-POW.

---

LIONEL, or THE LAST OF THE PEVENSEYS.  
In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 1s. Boards.

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST. A Novel. By the  
Author of the Bachelor and the Married Man. In  
3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16s. 6d. Board.

OAKWOOD HALL. A Novel. Including a  
Description of the Lakes of Cumberland and West-  
morland, and a part of South Wales. By CATHE-  
RINE HUTTON. Author of the Miser Married, and  
the Welch Mountaineer. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price  
16s. 6d. Boards.

CORRECTION. A Novel. 2<sup>d</sup> Edition. In  
3 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 1s. Boards.

"The seducing images of luxury, of splendour,  
and of homages, of power and independence, are  
too seldom counteracted by the only preservative —  
a religious education. The world is too generally  
entered upon as a scene of pleasure instead of trial,  
as a theatre of amusement, not action." — *Hannah  
More.*

The BACHELOR and the MARRIED MAN;  
or, the Equilibrium of the "BALANCE of COM-  
FORT." A Novel. The 2<sup>d</sup> Edition. In 3 Vols.  
12mo. Price 16s. 6d. Boards.

NORTHERN IRISH TALES; founded on  
Facts. By J. Gamble, Esq. Author of Views of  
Society and Manners in the North of Ireland, Sars-  
field, &c. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 12s. Boards.

*Popular Novels published by Longman, & Co.*

**SOPHIA**; or, the DANGEROUS INDISCRETION OF A TALE, founded on Facts. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16s. 6d. Boards.

**THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.** A Romance by Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER. Author of the Recluse of Norway, &c. &c. &c. 3d Edition. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 1s. Boards.

**MODERN MANNERS**; or, A SEASON at HARROWGATE. In 2 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards.

**ROB ROY.** A Novel. In 3 Vols. By the Author of Waverley, &c. 3d Edit. 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 1s. Boards.

**THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.** A Novel. By Miss JANE PORTER, Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and Scottish Chiefs. The 2d Edit. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 11s. 3d. Boards.

**VALENTINE'S EVE.** A Novel. By Miss OLLIVANT. In 3 Vols. 12mo. 2d Edition. Price 11. 1s. Boards.

**VARIETIES OF LIFE**; or, CONDUCT and CONSEQUENCES. A Novel. By the Author of Sketches of Character. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16s. Boards.

**THE RECLUSE OF NORWAY.** By Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER. 2d Edit. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 11. 4s. Boards.

**THE WELSH MOUNTAINEER.** A Novel. By CATHERINE TUTTON. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16s. 6d. Boards.

**THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS.** A Romance. By Miss JANE PORTER, Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and Remarks on Sir Philip Sidney's Apology. In 3 Vols. 12mo. The 4th Edit. Price 11. 1s. Boards.











